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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1893.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6^d.



MISS ADA REHAN AS LADY TEAZLE.—JAN VAN BEERS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLEMENT, AND CO., PARIS.

THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

Tuesday.

The death of Sir Andrew Clark yesterday was commented on by several daily papers this morning, the *Times* remarking that he was essentially the physician of the modern Londoner.—The continuation of the coal war was marked to-night by a great mass meeting of women in St. James's Hall, Mrs. Sidney Webb presiding. Lady Henry Somerset, in a letter apologising for her absence, said that the greed of gain had made our homes the spectre-haunted habitations of famine and of frost.—The import of wheat during last month is responsible for an increase in the British imports of £629,611 over the figures for the corresponding month last year. Exports show a decrease of £645,668.—Dr. Alderson pictured a doctors' Utopia at the winter session of the Medical Practitioners' Association. The creation of State medical appointments, such as he proposes, would remedy hospital abuse, kill quackery, and lessen the poverty of the profession. London, by-the-way, has a doctor for every 778 persons.—A new second-class cruiser, the *Hermione*, was launched at Devonport, Lady Lyons performing the ceremony.—A part of the roof of the South-Eastern station at Dover fell in this afternoon as the Paris mail train was leaving for London. No one was hurt.—Such a heavy hailstorm swept over Dover that window panes were cracked.—Mr. Best is an "artistic ladies' hairdresser"; but the *Hairdresser's Weekly Journal* has been of opinion for some time that he was really Mr. Worst. Its "Gutter Laureate" addressed him, and its "Captain Cuttle" remarked on him. A jury to-day mulcted the jeering journal of £400.—Guy Fawkes' Day was celebrated in a back yard at Hackney, when a young boy was shot dead by a revolver. A youth named Spiegelhalter was to-day remanded for a week on the charge of being the cause of the fatality.—If Dr. Herz were a microbe, he could not be more thoroughly subjected to microscopic examination than he is by some French doctors. A report was read to the Academy of Medicine, Paris, to-night, dealing in ghastly detail with the "cardio-vascular derangements" of the unhappy Herz.—Life in Barcelona is hardly worth living. At the Lyceo Theatre there to-night, during the performance of "William Tell," two bombs were thrown from the gallery, and twenty-three persons were killed.

Wednesday.

The sensation of the day in London was the arrest of C. B. Harness, of the Medical Battery Company. At the Marlborough Street Police Court he was charged, along with a physician named McCully and a person named Hollier, who was arrested in the court, with conspiracy to defraud by false pretences, and they were remanded on bail for a week.—The new Lord Mayor, Alderman Tyler, was formally admitted into office at the Guildhall.—A five-shilling rise took place in the price of coal in London.—An attempt to form an association for exclusive dealing at Indian tea auctions, and thus regulating prices, has broken down.—Chang, the giant, was buried at Bournemouth. The coffin was nearly 8 ft. 6 in. long. A Congregational minister conducted the service.—Petitions for the winding-up of the Lyric Theatre Company and the Palace Theatre (Limited) were ordered to stand over.—Mr. J. H. Wilson failed to get the Court of Appeal to reverse the decision by which he was mulcted of £200 for libelling Messrs. Allan Brothers and Co.—Mommson received many congratulations on the jubilee of his doctorate to-day.—Signora Duse is suffering at Budapest from influenza.—The editor of the Berlin *Der Sozialist* has been arrested, and a Socialist glove-maker is being sued for libel by the general who recently fired at the editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt*.—The results of the elections to the Prussian Diet show that there has been no important change in the strength of parties. The Conservatives have won nineteen seats.—The trams began running at Marseilles, each car being accompanied by five soldiers and a gendarme; but the strikers will not give in.—Great damage has been done by floods near Naples.—The session of the Greek Chamber was opened by the King, who announced a scheme for funding the interests of certain loans as the only means to avoid bankruptcy.—A new Russian battleship, the Admiral Oushakoff, was launched from the Baltic works on the Neva. Her displacement is 4126 tons.—The results of the American State elections so far show a great Republican gain.

Thursday.

This was Lord Mayor's Day. Prince Swasti Sobhann and the two sons of his Majesty the King of Siam, who are in England for their education, viewed the procession from the windows of Mr. J. W. Benson's, Ludgate Hill, who is jeweller by appointment to the King. The procession was only an average one, the most notable feature being a model of the Tower Bridge. At the banquet in the evening Lord Kimberley acknowledged the toast of her Majesty's Ministers.—The Prince of Wales entered his fifty-second year.—A bronze statue of the Queen, by the late Mr. Birch, was unveiled at Aberdeen.—"H.M.S. Pinafore" was not quite mythical. Sir Henry Clavering, of Axwell Park, near Newcastle, began life as a barrister, and then served in the Navy, retiring as captain.—The Duke of Devonshire was the hero of a reception and a banquet held at Belfast in his honour.—Sir John Bridge declined to let Dr. Herz be tried at Bournemouth, and suggested that the question of the legality of his arrest might be raised in the French courts.—Mr. J. H. Wilson was again defeated in his appeal for a new trial in the libel action brought by him against the *Evening News and Post*.—Mr. Frank May, chief cashier of the Bank of England since 1873, is announced to have retired.—The historic Tower of Thomas the Rhymer, near Earlstoun, not far from the

Eildon Hills, is for sale, and an attempt is being made by the Edinburgh Border Counties' Association to purchase it for preservation.—Liverpool has become scared by the Santander disaster, and not without cause, for dynamite may be conveyed into the Mersey practically without restrictions. Bye-laws have been forwarded to the Board of Trade by which the explosive would not be admitted into the Mersey at all.—More than 20,000 of the inhabitants of Santander are encamped in the surrounding hamlets.—An Italian Anarchist named Soldani has been arrested on suspicion of throwing the bomb in Barcelona.—The Sultan of Morocco condemns the conduct of the tribesmen at Melilla.—The Greek Ministry was defeated on the question of the election of a President for the Chamber.—Mr. Irving began his New York season with "Becket."—M. Tschaikowsky, the composer, was accorded a State funeral at St. Petersburg.

Friday.

The Duke of Devonshire addressed a great Unionist demonstration in Belfast, declaring that the Gladstonian party were demoralised. The two Irish members Mr. Field and Mr. Hayden were returned for trial on the charge of unlawful assembly at the scene of an eviction on the estate of Lord de Freyne, against whose agent, Captain Blakeney, a summons was granted for having, as alleged, fired a house while an infant was under the roof.—Mario Moro, an Italian, who was connected with the disastrous production of "Peterkin" at the Royalty Theatre, was sentenced to a year's hard labour for swindling a compatriot, who keeps a coffee-house in Holborn.—The engine-driver who was recently acquitted of the charge of murdering a police sergeant in Essex was sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment for corn stealing.—A surgeon-dentist was awarded £2400 damages for injuries received on the Great Eastern railway.—"A miserable falsehood" was the way in which the Viceroy of India, in an important speech delivered at Agra on the cow protection agitation, described the statement that the Government encouraged the religious quarrels in order to sow dissension between class and class.—Khama's people have left the English forces in Mashonaland in fear of small-pox, which has broken out among the natives.—The Spanish Government has suspended in Barcelona the guarantees relating to the liberty of the subject in order to sift the bomb outrage.—All the Siamese posts on the left bank of the Mekong have now been evacuated.

Saturday.

To-day the funeral of Sir Andrew Clark took place at Essendon, near which village is the Camfield estate, recently purchased by the deceased physician. At the memorial service in Westminster Abbey, prior to the interment, there was an immense congregation, including the Prime Minister—who was one of the pall-bearers—the Persian Envoy, Mr. John Morley, Mr. Lecky, and scores of members of the medical profession.—Lord President Robertson, who was a terror to the Press Gallery when a member of the House of Commons because of his fleet speech, was elected Lord Rector of Edinburgh University.—Considerable damage was done to the new promenade pier at Dover by a Bremen sailing-ship, which itself suffered only slight injury.—A new farce, entitled "Mrs. Othello," was produced at Toole's Theatre.—The members of the British mission at Cabul continue to enjoy themselves. They have been visiting the Ameer's eldest son, and after sweetmeats were discussed Sir Mortimer Durand had a game of chess with him. It would be interesting to know if he succeeded in checkmating his opponent.—Lord George Hamilton vigorously advocated at Harrow an increase of our navy.—The Pope was sufficiently well to resume his audiences.

Sunday.

The King and Queen of Greece visited the Russian vessels anchored at the Piræus.—This afternoon the London Anarchists commemorated in Trafalgar Square the execution of the Chicago bomb-throwers.—It was also the anniversary of the rioting in "the finest site in Europe" six years ago.—Mr. John Redmond, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, demanded, "with moderation and with calmness," the release of John Daly and the Walsall dynamitards.—Louise Michel hastily departed from Paris this morning, warned by her friends that she might be arrested.—A Russian ironclad, the *Three Saints*, was launched at Nicolaieff.—Mr. Cowen's opera, "Signa," was at last produced to-night at the Dal Verme Theatre, Milan.—The *Official Gazette* of Vienna publishes the list of the new Austro-Hungarian Ministry. Prince Windischgrätz succeeds the veteran Count Taaffe (who is still a member of our Carlton Club) as Premier.

Monday.

The anxiety of 'Varsity men as to Dr. Jowett's successor is at length relieved by the notification of the appointment of Mr. Ingram Bywater. He thus exchanges the position of Reader in Greek for Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford. He is undoubtedly a good selection.—To-day the old ceremony of "pricking the Sheriffs for England and Wales" is performed at the Law Courts.—It is announced that amiable Sir Francis Clare Ford is about to leave Constantinople and become British Ambassador at Rome. He has not enjoyed the handsome and huge Embassy in Pera, and doubtless will be glad to leave its "lonely splendour" for the sociable English circle which is never absent from Rome.—The correspondent of the *Times* announces that Mr. Ibsen is in Paris, avoiding notoriety and interviews.—The Greeks have another Ministry, with Tricoupis the Inevitable at its head. He has been Prime Minister at least four times before. The mere announcement of his return to power improved Greek stocks in Capel Court.



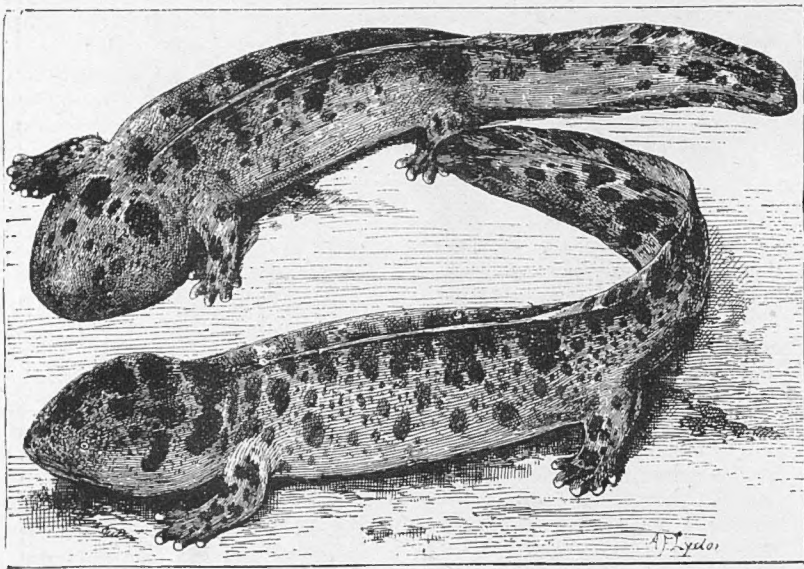
MISS LILIAS BORTHWICK.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

THE GIANT SALAMANDER.

The giant salamander (*Megalobatrachus maximus*) is the largest living species of the class Amphibia, and so justifies its claim to its specific name. It is a native of Japan and Tibet, and belongs to the same order of amphibians as the common newt of our English ponds and ditches, from which, however, it differs greatly in habit, being entirely aquatic. The gills are absorbed when the animal becomes mature, and the gill-slits close up, though in a nearly related American form these slits persist throughout life.

It will be seen from the illustration, which represents the animal from two points of view, that the giant salamander is not handsome; indeed, any of our British newts is a very fairy prince by comparison. It is decidedly "plain," not to say ugly, and, perhaps, the only creature that can give it points and beat it easily in the matter of ill-looks is the Heloderm, or Gila Monster, a poisonous Mexican lizard. The giant salamander is about a yard long; the head is somewhat triangular, but broadly rounded in front, with tiny, lack-lustre eyes; the iron-brown



GIANTIC JAPANESE SALAMANDER, AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

skin is spotted with black, and thickly covered with small tubercles; the tail is compressed from side to side; and the only relief in the dull scheme of colour is formed by the pearly-white tips of the digits, of which there are four on the front and five on the hinder limbs.

This animal lives in a large tank on the right just as one enters the Reptile House in the Zoological Gardens. On the top of the water is a thick floating layer of crystal worts, which shuts out the entrance of light from above, though it fulfils the useful purpose of aerating the water and keeping it in good condition, by absorbing the carbon dioxide given off by the animal in breathing. At the bottom, and generally right at the back, is its favourite position. It does not court observation; indeed, the pebbles on the floor of the tank are so often heaped up into a kind of ridge against the glass in front, while the salamander lies, so to speak, under their lee, motionless and almost out of sight, that it would seem as if it resented intrusion on its privacy. The question "Is there anything in that tank?" has been asked by visitors; and the remark "The thing in there is dead" has been overheard from persons who could distinguish the outline of the animal in the shadow, but failed to perceive any movement.

Feeding time in the Reptile House presents by no means the lively scene that it does in the Lion House or the bears' cages. No barrow is wheeled down the line of dens, and very few of the creatures show any signs of excitement. Some of the larger lizards may raise themselves on their hind legs, and, untaught by experience, futilely strive to climb up the glass which keeps them prisoners. The other inmates of the house are as quiet as ever. The salamander at the back of his tank is not roused by the keeper's footfall; but no sooner is a space cleared in the floating mass of vegetation and a frog or a small fish dropped into the water than a marvellous change takes place in the salamander. It is no longer dull, sluggish, and log-like, but is roused to a display of activity one would never expect from its clumsy build and lethargic habit. This lasts for a moment only, and

then it subsides into its accustomed motionless condition. But, almost before the prey can reach the bottom, one sweep of the powerful tail brings the salamander close to it, there is a snap of the heavy jaws, and the frog or fish disappears. Occasionally—for the creature is old and sightless—a bright stream of ascending air-bubbles shows that the prey has escaped for a moment. The respite, however, is very brief; a second snap settles the business, and the salamander retires to the back of his tank for an after-dinner nap. H. S.

ENGLISH AS JAPAN SPEAKS HER.

English is a required language of the Japanese boy. Here is a specimen of a young Jap trying to write our language: "The mountain Taihei. 8th in July. There are three high mountains in Akita—namely, Chokai, Moriyoshi, and Taihei, of which the last is lowest, but most remarkable. If you look out in the northern sky through a window, you should see that most remarkable mountain. It has many deep valleys, and is covered with thick forests. How much pleasant you would be to climb up that mountain to its top in summer days! I have ever heard that there is a lightning-rod on the highest peak, where the shrine of Miyoshi is standing on. According to the story current in Akita, there appeared Miyoshi god on the cloud above the mountain with two large cannon in his hands, and scattered a fleet of Chinese pirates, and saved the inhabitants on shore from their devastation. Thus the people of Akita have used to worship the god on the mountain.—YOKICHI KUDO."

45, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

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DALY'S THEATRE, Leicester Square.—Mr. Augustin Daly's Company. (Doors open 7.30.) EVERY NIGHT, at 8 o'clock, THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL. MISS ADA REHAN as Lady Teazle, Mr. William Farren as Sir Peter, Mr. Clarke as Joseph Surface, Mr. Bouchier as Charles, Mr. Lewis as Moses, Mrs. Gilbert as Mrs. Candour. A MORNING PERFORMANCE Saturday Next, at 2. Box-office daily, 9 to 5. Seats also at all Libraries.

TOOLE'S THEATRE.—J. K. LAING'S SEASON.—EVERY EVENING, at 9 o'clock, will be produced a Farce, in three acts, by the late Fred Leslie and Arthur Shirley, entitled

MRS. OTHELLO.

Miss Fanny Brough, Mr. Charles Glenn, Miss Cicely Richards, Mr. Julian Cross, &c. Preceded at 8 by THE BROTHERS. Seats at all Libraries. Box-office open daily.

THE PLAY AND ITS STORY.

"GUDGEONS," AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

The gudgeon, or gobio, is a genus of fish belonging to the section *Malacopterygii Abdominales* and the family *Cyprinidae*. That is the sort of offensive language which naturalists use about the little fish. "He is an excellent fish to enter a young angler, being easy to be taken," says old Izaak Walton. According, however, to Messrs. "Thornton Clark" and Louis N. Parker, the gudgeon does not quite deserve his reputation of being easily taken, for the little fishes in their case get off without even a prick of the hook. The angler is Mr. James Ffolliott Treherne, upon whose character the aristocratic superfluous consonants in his name have had a baleful influence. "It is my proud boast that I never earned a penny in my life" is what he said, and it is true if you put the word "decently" in the latter half of the sentence. With him fished Gladys, his pale, patient wife, wedded on the strength of expectations which seemed unlikely to "pan out."

The Trehernes came in touch with their fish at the Anglo-American and Universal Agency, owned by Mr. Silas B. Hooper, an energetic young American, who had never joked in his life, because he had not got time. He fancied himself as smart as any Britisher, but found more than a match in Treherne. Mr. Hooper fished for a sum of £5000, offered by the Oil King, Mr. Harrison, to anyone who would get him an aristocratic husband for his pretty daughter, Persis, and he told Treherne how matters stood, hoping that he would aid him. It was rash, for the English fisher at once schemed to get the whole gudgeon to himself, and not leave so much as the scales to the American. He had a nephew, Reginald, a struggling barrister: why not wed him to Persis and bring the money into the family? With Mr. Treherne to conceive such a plan was to start the campaign at once, and five minutes after meeting Mr. and Miss Harrison he had taken him to lunch at his club—where he took *douceurs* for getting men elected—and thence to his tailor, from whom he got commissions, while Persis went a-shopping with Mrs. Treherne, who also worked the commission business.

Everything went well at first; the Harrisons and Trehernes became bosom friends, and Reginald and Persis fell in love with each other. Suddenly, when the Trehernes were down to their last twenty shillings and wildly anxious to land, the fish trouble came. Reginald asked his uncle whether the Harrisons were really rich, and when he was told that they were, that on the dowry of Persis he could "give up the Bar and its moaning" and live in luxury, he said that her wealth was an unsurmountable obstacle.

This crisis brought to Treherne a splendid idea, the one great idea of his life; something worth a swindle was what he conceived. He told Mr. Harrison about the trouble between the young people and its real cause, and the father, who knew that his little girl was deeply distressed, was anxious to do anything to bring about a marriage. "Reginald's pride must be protected," said Treherne. "Let us give him a fortune equal to the dowry of Persis. He would, of course, take it willingly from you; he would from me, his uncle. Put me in possession of £50,000 to hand over to him on his wedding-day, and all trouble will vanish." This idea quite delighted the old American, whose daughter's happiness was his own, and he went off to the Anglo-American Agency to fix up the business right away; but the drunkenness of a clerk, who offended Mr. Harrison and caused him to resolve to transfer his money to another bank, spoiled the wicked scheme of Mr. Treherne.

The delay undid the matter, for it brought about an interview between the pretty Persis and her backward lover. When two young people love, and the only obstacle to their happiness is the wealth of the girl, no great scheming seems needed to bring them together. The bright "Amurrican" girl, quite prepared on necessity to make the proposal herself, forced Reginald to declare his love and to state his trouble, then she suggested a way out of it all. "Do you make enough to keep a wife?" "Oh, yes; £500 a year, and my practice is growing." "Very well; I will refuse to take a penny of 'Poppa's' money, and so there will be nothing between us except love."

You can easily imagine Treherne's disgust when he heard what these "silly asses" were going to do, disgust and bitter disappointment, since he had arranged the difficulty about the money, and for a few moments had £50,000 to his credit, but had to give it up without a chance of touching a "mag." It turned out, however, that the wife's expectations were realised to some extent, for an annuity of £500 was left to her.

The play is far too well written for this story to do justice to it. Not a person is there in the play who has not some individual flavour. There is wit in it, too, and really able construction. Certainly, "Gudgeons" is one of the best plays of the year, and I am inclined to say that in quality it is only second to Mr. Pinero's work, and in truth and artistic feeling stands above any work of 1893, save the St. James's drama.

The acting is admirable. Mr. Herbert Waring's performance as Treherne is work of the highest order—strong, subtle, daring, and nicely restrained, and full, too, of haughty grace, that causes one to have a sneaking sorrow for the vile fellow's fall. Miss Janette Steer acts charmingly as his wife, and the performance of Miss Sybil Carlisle is a really pretty piece of acting. Mr. Murray Carson, could he be in two places at once, would, as author, watch himself in the part of Hooper with pride and pleasure, for he brings out fully the curious, entertaining humours of a comic character new to the stage. I do not, as a rule, err on the side of enthusiasm, yet venture to say that "Gudgeons" is a brilliant play, splendidly acted, and deserves a success of the first magnitude.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

"A Screw Loose," at the Vaudeville, had it been a poor work, would have met with timid criticism, since its author, Mr. Mark Melford, won a libel action that he brought against a paper which spoke too harshly (at least, the jury thought so; I did not) against "The Maelström." However, there is no need to put honey into the ink before tackling "A Screw Loose," since it is a funny farce, and excited hearty laughter. It is on the same simple plane as "Tom, Dick, and Harry." Mistaken identity is the motive, and if you can accept the mistakes as possible the consequences are comical. A clumsy author does not permit you to make believe, for he will keep changing his plane of probability. Now, every play has some standard of truth which cannot be varied downwards, or even upwards, beyond a few degrees without destruction of the delusion. It is a curious fact that the effect of matter of a higher standard is more fatal than that of a lower standard, so that to put pure comedy scenes into a farce is more dangerous than to introduce farcical business into a real comedy. It is ignorance of this which causes comic plays frequently to fail, because the dramatist, anxious to convince the audience, inserts realistic little scenes instead of sticking to his standard. In "A Screw Loose" there is no nonsense of this kind. Its fundamental assumption is wildly incredible, and the tone is never changed; therefore, it becomes credible in the end, and the people laugh. The old paradox of Tertullian, "*Credibile est quia ineptum*," seems to concern the dramatist.

"Mirza" is a kind of play that reduces the critic to despair. He cannot be critical about it, since its ineptitude is complete. He may call it utterly bad, and justify by asserting that the author has taken a powerful theme and made out of it a work that causes jeers where tears are sought. People who have read "L'Affaire Clémenceau," one of the ablest novels of M. Dumas fils, will gauge at once the calibre of the adaptation from the fact that it ends with a "happy ever after." One might just as well finish "Hamlet" by making the Prince accept apologies from the King for his peccadilloes, and wind up with a *pas de quatre* for Hamlet, his mother, step-uncle-father, and Laertes. The curious ending quite disconcerted the critics. They kept watching Mr. Ivan Watson, and wondering how he was going to kill Mirza. When his hand went near his pocket, the betting was on knife or six-shooter; when he walked towards a large china ornament a shudder ran through the house, for we fancied he was not going to "do it beautifully." Blank dismay came when we found him caressing her, and saw the curtain fall.

Miss Nadage Dorée, who played the name part, has some talent, I believe, since I saw her act in what seemed a clever, but misguided, manner in "School," but she failed under the burden of a task that no one could have borne. It does not seem as if such characters suit her style, and it is certain that for stage success she must adopt a method less monotonous in speech and gesture.

The performance of "Measure for Measure" by the members of the Elizabethan Society showed disastrously the ill-effect of *trop de zèle*. The presentation of certain essential features of an Elizabethan stage production was worth giving, but to have members of the society in Tudor costume to encumber the stage, after the bad old fashion at which both actors and dramatists railed in former days, was going too far, and when it was gravely announced that some of them had clay pipes which really belonged to Shakspeare's age the whole affair seemed a jest. I believe that if a capable company were to present Shakspeare's works on a small stage, with merely such background and accessories as were used at the Royalty, the result would be a success from all points of view, and we might have the benefit of seeing many plays that now appear beyond reach. Unfortunately, it cannot be said that the "Measure for Measure" performance proved this or anything else of value, since it lacked the essential matter—a capable company. I do not wish to speak impolitely of the efforts of the members of the society, but their task of giving material life to Shakspeare's most painful play was ill-chosen. Some of his works may be said to act themselves; the rarity of performance of this one shows how managers have feared it. In the case of one of the company—the Isabella—a performance was given which, though insufficient to fascinate us, would have been creditable in a trained actress. The others have, unfortunately, served her as a splendid *repoussoir*.

"Madame Favart" had a warm welcome at the Criterion; some felt kind out of old fellowship towards the charming work, first seen about a decade and a half ago, and again some five years later, while to new comers it must always be delightful. Age has told a little on the opera, since one has to set against the careless technique of Offenbach the careful workmanship of his successors. Yet those who have something to say, even if they speak with limited art, will always please the public more than those in the opposite plight, and the catching, but not always commonplace, melodies of the old work start up in the memory with a freshness that shows how strong was their first impression. The humours of the libretto seem rather long drawn, now that we have not Ashley or Fred Leslie or Marius to vitalise them, so a little cutting is needed. Miss Ellis Jeffreys is a very pleasing Susanne, though she does not make the most of her voice. The inevitable interpolated dance introduced a young lady—Miss Maggie Gorst—who has a cleaner style of movement and more certain rhythm than some who have already reached fame, and, therefore, one must keep an eye on her—it is by no means an unpleasant task.

THE SERIOUS SIDE OF NATURE.



SMALL TALK.

The weather has been cold and stormy on Deeside during the last week, and everything looks very dreary, so there is a general longing at Balmoral for the arrival of the day of departure, which is now definitely fixed for Thursday. The Queen will leave Balmoral after luncheon on that day, and is timed to arrive at Windsor Castle at nine o'clock on Friday morning. The royal train is to stop for an hour at Perth, and dinner will be served there. The Queen's Scotch journeys cost her privy purse about £6000 a year.

The Queen passed a couple of days last week at the cottage in the Glassalt Shiel, going there in the morning and returning in the evening, but she has not slept at the Shiel this autumn, as she generally does. It has long been the custom of her Majesty to go to this cottage, or the chalet in the Ballochbuie Forest, for a few days' rest during the lull in affairs which takes place between the departure of one Minister and the arrival of his successor. The late John Brown much approved of these visits to the Glassalt Shiel, and invariably accompanied the Queen in her sojourns there. The room he occupied at the Shiel has a large brass tablet fixed to the wall, setting forth the fact that "John Brown, Esq.," last stayed there in November 1882. Nobody has since been allowed to occupy this apartment, and the bed is daily made, clean towels and fresh soap put out, and the room, in short, treated exactly as though the estimable J. B. were still alive and using it. This is a special and curious fancy of the Queen, that rooms once occupied by those to whom she was particularly attached should be specially reserved for all time. The late Prince Consort's apartments, at the different royal residences, are to this day treated as though he were still occupying them. The beds are made, and the water and linen changed; while in his sitting-rooms the blotting paper is daily renewed, fresh pens set out, and the ink-bottles duly refilled. It is a harmless eccentricity, but at first sight strikes the on-looker as somewhat "uncanny."

A wedding which will be particularly interesting to journalists will take place to-day. It is that of Miss Lillias Borthwick, the only daughter of the popular proprietor of the *Morning Post*, who is to be married to the young Earl Bathurst. Lord Bathurst, who succeeded to the title something over a twelvemonth ago, is the head of an ancient family, who are said to have come to this country in Saxon times and settled near Battle, in Sussex, at a place which, in remembrance of their old home in the duchy of Luneburg, they christened Batters-hurst. This property was confiscated in the reign of the fourth Edward, but with Alderman Bathurst, who flourished in the times of the Virgin Queen, the family regained much of their former prosperity. Staunch loyalists were the Bathursts, and six brothers died in the service of the Martyr King. The earldom was bestowed on the representative of the family in 1772. Cirencester House, Lord Bathurst's country seat, though a somewhat gloomy-looking mansion, stands in extensive grounds, remarkable for their beauty. The late Earl was M.P. for Cirencester for more than twenty years.

Miss Borthwick is an expert angler. While her father was lessee of Invercauld House—by far the most imposing mansion on Deeside, and certainly commanding the finest position in the valley of the royal river—she was Sir Algernon's constant companion in the gentle art, and many a lovely salmon has been landed to her rod. Sir Algernon used to go to Invercauld very early in the season—long before the appearance of the run of visitors who make Braemar their midsummer Mecca—for the sake of the fishing, and his daughter invariably went with him. Probably, no one regretted that Mr. Farquharson should have taken over the house more thoroughly than the future Lady Bathurst.

The show of chrysanthemums at the Temple this year is quite as fine, if not finer, than ever, and on the two or three occasions on which I have strolled in I have found the magnificent blooms thoroughly appreciated by an admiring crowd. On one occasion I was interested to hear the opinion of a prominent New Zealand resident, himself a great chrysanthemum grower, on our London editions of that popular flower. New Zealand, it seems, is admirably adapted for growing chrysanthemums, which the fanciers import direct from Japan. In the opinion of the colonist above named, it would be impossible to beat our English productions for size and shape, but their cousins, the New Zealand chrysanthemums, are more rich and vividly brilliant in their colouring, which is doubtless attributable to the wonderfully clear and sunny climate in which they are grown.

The latest thing in advertising "down West"—I mean in the towny, and not backwoods sense—is a waxen Diana, who prances about Piccadilly on a wooden horse, which, again, surmounts a portentous van, whose lettering cries aloud the virtues of a certain elixir. The unfortunate driver of this precious freight submits, with as much grace as he can muster, to the delicate banter of legitimate Jehus and 'busmen with a sense of humour. Now, since that discerning body which controls our pavements has ordered the upheaval of Piccadilly, everything and everybody who essay to pass that way fall into a chronic state of blockade. So I had the advantage of a back view, which included the waxen lady, wooden horse, and wordy van, for fifteen minutes by the clock, from a hansom the other day—every variety

of vehicle, from a butcher's bicycle to a baronet's barouche, being, meanwhile, stuck fast in Bond Street. The block was a great occasion for the waxen lady, though, and I should think her nostrum was in great subsequent demand from the attention which she excited. There is certainly nothing like leather, and for leather read "advertising" nowadays.

The late Sir Andrew Clark was decidedly "a man of smiling yesterdays and confident to-morrows." His three great characteristics are summed up in the words brusque, bright, and buoyant. He was always so hopeful that his patients caught the happy contagion: most men left his consulting-room immediately the better for Sir Andrew's calm confidence. He was very original in his ways and his surroundings. Always a precise man, and strictly economical of time, a little slip of paper in



Photo by Messrs. Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

SIR ANDREW CLARK, BART., M.D.

his dining-room was a reflection of this. On it was written in his own hand words to the effect that his correspondence needing replies was at least sixty letters a day, which, allotting ten minutes to the answering of each, would consume ten hours. He, therefore, begged his patients not to waste their time nor consume his by unnecessary inquiries. On the table the books spoke of his catholic and classic tastes. He was one of the few men in London who could without much trouble deliver a speech equally well in Latin as in English, to which statement let certain Dons of Cambridge testify. He used every available moment for reading, in railway train or carriage, especially volumes dealing with theology and metaphysics. In the latter department of knowledge a contest between him and Mr. Herbert Spencer was a joy to witness, while he has been known to hold a fashionable dinner party enthralled with his conversation on some deep question of thought. A patient exactly hit off Sir Andrew Clark when he said that the impression you had of him was that he considered your case one of the most interesting he had, and as you left his room you felt you had parted from a great man as well as from a famous physician.

His sympathy was wonderful, and grew in intensity year by year; the sickness of a poor child would particularly engross him, and many a heart recalls with gratitude the tenderness he showed when the Angel of Death was fluttering his wings over a desolate household. To medical students at the London Hospital, with which he had been connected for forty years, Sir Andrew never lost an opportunity of inculcating the nobility, philanthropy, and chivalry which were possible in his profession. After he had put his lucid and clear questions to a patient he would write characteristic instructions as to diet, exercise, &c., on glossy white paper with red lines, often heading the sheet with some quaint words, and ending with a proverb, which would be long remembered. No hurry, but just a solemn importance, and, if need be, an insistent dogmatism, and then a hopeful handshake. He had his so-called "fads," and it used to be said you could pick out Sir Andrew's patients at a dinner party by noticing those who did not take soup. He often suggested the drinking of hot water night and morning, and was most particular as to the necessity of only allowing tea to be infused three or four minutes. He obtained throughout his career an almost unexampled affection, considering that he never aimed at being a courtier. The busy worker who ministered to so many weary brains is now at rest, after a life useful and valuable to his fellow-men.

Just now, when so much attention has been devoted to the fountain in Piccadilly Circus, which is supposed to commemorate the noble life of Lord Shaftesbury, it may be interesting to give a view of another fountain erected for the same purpose. It is situated in Hinton Market,

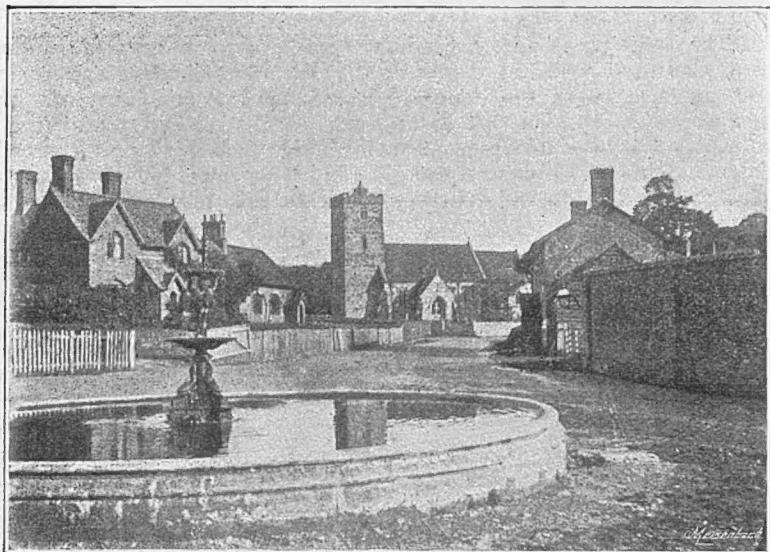


Photo by R. H. Browne.

ANOTHER SHAFTESBURY MEMORIAL.

a small village not far from Wimborne, where Lord Shaftesbury was so well known and so much beloved. The memorial has, I am glad to hear, occasioned no discussion other than favourable, and the columns of the local journal have not been flooded with caustic criticisms.

Municipal elections have been the most exciting events throughout England just recently. Crewe has probably got the youngest Mayor in the country. The juvenile M.P. is not a novelty; but Mayors are usually middle-aged. As a rule, men do not take to municipal work until they have made a fair start in life, and by the time they have passed through the offices of Councillor and Alderman, and have reached the dignity of Mayor, they are usually in the fifties, and often still farther advanced in life. Mr. Charles Herbert Pedley, who has just been elected Mayor of Crewe, is an exception to the rule. He has advanced to the highest municipal dignity at a bound, and, as noted, is now probably the youngest Mayor in England. Born at Crewe in 1863, educated at the Moravian School at Fairfield, near Manchester, Mr. Pedley was admitted a solicitor in 1884, having taken high honours in law. An enthusiastic Liberal, he was elected a Town Councillor two years ago; last year he was chosen as President of the Crewe Liberal Association, and this year he has been unanimously appointed by the Council to the office of Mayor of his native town. Mr. Pedley is also an ardent bibliophile and a dabbler in scientific pursuits, a good all-round athlete, and an Alpine climber. He is a bachelor.

The carnival of crackers, the torches, and the tar barrels sacred to memory of the late Guido Fawkes has of late years been robbed of much of its brilliance, and the effigies of that hapless enthusiast no longer meet one at every street corner on the Fifth, as was once the case. Indeed, I saw no "Guy" this year, and I believe that 'Appy' Ampstead was the only metropolitan district that indulged in rites in honour or dishonour of this historical culprit. In Sussex they still cling to old traditions, and in many parts of that county the "Bonfire Boys" make night picturesquely noisy as of yore. If, however, the once popular customs of Guy Fawkes Day are more honoured in the breach than in the observance, we have still left the ancient house where Guido and his fellows hatched their plot. The directors of the London and North-Western Railway have, I hear, decided to spare the Old Red Hall, near Bourne, in Lincolnshire, a fine Elizabethan mansion, which tradition has connected with Guy Fawkes' conspiracy, and lovers of old customs and archaeologists will, doubtless, be grateful accordingly.

Rarely has a harbour been the scene of such vast destruction as Santander, where a dynamite ship was blown up a fortnight ago. If a fleet had bombarded the place it could not have done more damage.

A New Zealand friend of mine is an enthusiastic stamp collector. He is the fortunate possessor of a collection worth some thousands of pounds, and a considerable portion of the tour on which he has been engaged for some months has been spent in searching for rare stamps in out-of-the-way parts of the earth. Indeed, I believe his principal reason for visiting the Sandwich Islands was to endeavour to acquire

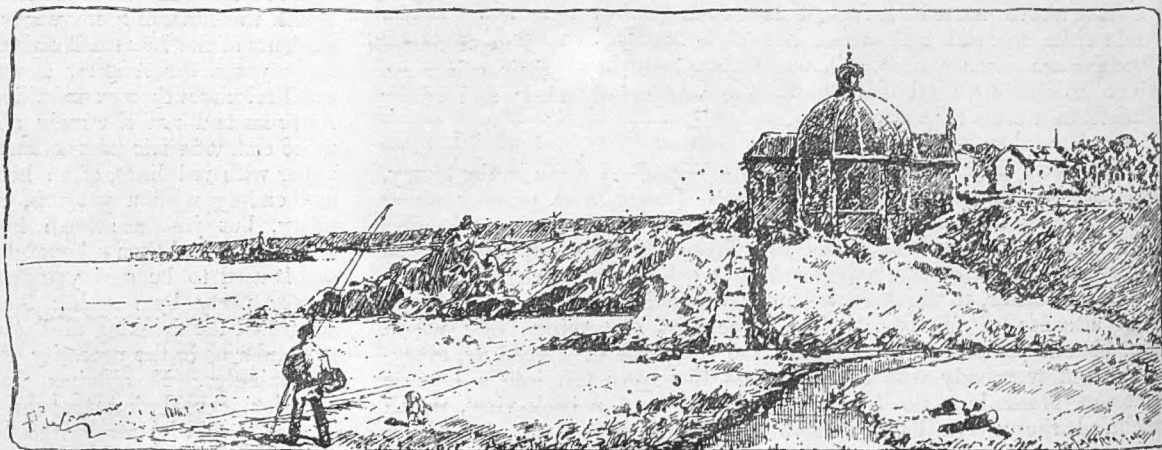
a certain stamp in the possession of a resident, in which venture he was unsuccessful. What would some of the folks whom I have heard describe postage-stamp collections as accumulations of "dirty bits of paper" say to the enthusiasm that takes a man to Honolulu in search of a used postage-stamp?

The story of Henry Irving and the Highland collie purchased from a poor shepherd for a large sum, and then sent back to Scotland as a present to his former master—a story for which a provincial paper is responsible—reminds me of an incident of my boyhood. In a sleepy little town on the verge of Dartmoor lived a certain shrewd lawyer, who numbered among his clients a small farmer, whose affairs at that time were far from flourishing. The farmer owed his lawyer a small bill of costs, and he owned a most accomplished retriever. Calling at the lawyer's office to try and soften that gentleman's heart, he was unwillingly induced to part with his favourite for a quittance in full and a £5 note. Next market day at dinner time he presented himself at the lawyer's house, pushed his way into the dining-room, and throwing down the bank note and the receipt on the table before the astonished lawyer, exclaimed in broadest Devon, "There's the brass and there's the bill, and yew can lock me up in the clink to Exeter for debt. I don't mind what yew thinks, but I can't abide Rover to think ill o' me, and I'm a goin' to take he home." So Rover went home with his master, and, to the attorney's credit be it said, that master was not locked up in the "clink to Exeter."

A tenor voice of remarkable sweetness does not suggest the prize-fighter, nor, indeed, for that matter, do pugilism and preaching often go together, though Ned Wright, once well known in the Metropolis, played both rôles, I believe, in his time. Morris Roberts, whom some will remember as one of the "fancy" a good many years ago, and who has just died at Birmingham, was not only a champion "pug," but an excellent singer, one of whose possessions was a medal from the Royal Academy of Music. In his time Mr. Roberts had "played many parts." He sustained the leading rôle in a divorce, was convicted of manslaughter, had figured in a breach-of-promise case, and varied his amusements by tub-thumping. These appear to have only been his diversions; his business was that of a publican, and he also owned a menagerie, and was, altogether, a very prosperous as well as a very many-sided individual.

I was under the impression that that terrible article of attire, the chimney-pot hat, against which an ineffectual crusade is ever and anon made, was only *de rigueur* in Europe and certain American cities, that, at any rate, to the European resident in the far East it was but a hideous memory. I learned to my surprise the other day that I was mistaken. A friend of mine who is leaving England to take up an official appointment in Calcutta was enjoined to be sure to bring with him a tall silk hat and a frock coat, as he would find these adornments quite a necessity. It seems that in the whole length and breadth of our Indian Empire Calcutta is the one place where men still appear in a costume that seems so out of place. The garb of Piccadilly appears so inappropriate to "India's coral strand," that one only ceases to wonder at this fashion when one remembers that Calcutta is the headquarters of Indian officialism. The genuine official, all the world over, is a terrible stickler for the proprieties.

A new alarm for fond mothers of the domestic sort, whose happiness lies within the old-fashioned precincts of their nurseries, has been invented—or, perhaps, it would be more in rule to say discovered—by some wise medical scientists, who boldly announce that cats are responsible for many cases of infantile diphtheria. This is annoying. Among the most sacredly cherished domestic traditions was the belief that diphtheria, when it came, was a visitation in no ways connected with the lesser animals, and that, whether as an heirloom or an outside legacy, it was strictly confined to the over-long list of human ills. But recent discoveries and experiments have changed all this. So it now behoves the anxious parent to have a care that pussy shows a clean bill of health if allowed to make free of the nursery. The Hygiene Society has just noticed two cases, where in one instance the cat had fallen a victim to the complaint from which its little girl playfellow had died.



ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOUR OF SANTANDER.

"DON JUAN," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE

From Photographs by Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.



MISS MILLIE HYLTON (DON JUAN).



MISS CISSY LOFTUS (HAIDEE).



MISS LOUISE MONTAGUE (ISABELLA).



MISS KATIE SEYMOUR (ZOE, HAIDEE'S MAID).

It is a curious sign of the times that in announcing the publication of a new heraldic work, "Armorial Families," by Mr. Arthur Charles Fox-Davies, the publishers, Messrs. Jack, of Edinburgh, should begin with a sort of apology. "Surely," they say, "even those who affect the greatest contempt for heraldry will admit that if arms are to be borne at all it should be according to the laws of arms, and if the display of them be an empty vanity it is a less creditable vanity to parade as our own those which belong of right to others. It is well known that there are large numbers of people—and many in high positions—at the present moment displaying armorial bearings to which they have no just right." You see, "armigerous" persons are not to be trifled with.

It is just eight-and-thirty years since the Turkish fortress of Kars capitulated. The late Sir Christopher Teesdale, then an Artillery captain, was aide-de-camp to General Fenwick Williams, who commanded



THE LATE SIR CHRISTOPHER TEESDALE.

the Turkish garrison during the tedious four months' siege, which came to an end on Nov. 14, 1855. Sir Christopher Teesdale, who has just died, is represented in this picture as one of the heroes of Kars.

On the occasion of the inauguration of the Battersea Municipal Buildings and Town Hall to-day, Lord Rosebery will be presented with a key. The head is quatrefoil in shape, having in the centre of the obverse the parish arms surmounted by a crest. On the reverse are the arms, crest, and motto of his Lordship. The stem, with rich flutings, is joined to the head by a solid silver acanthus leaf, the other parts of the key being solid silver, heavily gilt, the arms and crest being in proper heraldic colours, enamelled. The key is the work of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, Regent Street.

Those who possess the undoubted acquisition of a sweet tooth should really begin to inquire into their tartlets. Petroleum jelly, for example, hath more uses than the poet who committed the legend of "Amabel Christine" dreamt of—

Her fringe was curled with bandoline;
Her teeth were brushed with fine dentine;
Her gloves were cleaned with gasoline;
Her lace was washed in coaline;
Her wounds were healed with cosmoline;
Her cheeks were smoothed with vaseline.

But that is not all. Having successfully accomplished our externals, vaseline has now penetrated to the interior of humanity, and bakers in Paris are actually substituting this unctuous noun for butter, and declare it maketh pastry of that flaky quality in which ladies delight. Nor is even this the sum total of our puffs and cheese-cakes. Soap is

a "frequent ingredient," I am told, in the foregoing delicacies. Bread has also fallen a victim to saponaceous blandishments, and I am assured that its lightness and spongy quality are increased by the judicious use of soap. What next?

The second links in Brittany have (says a correspondent) just been opened close to Paramé, near St. Malo. Some links have existed at St. Briac, near Dinard, on the opposite side of the river Rance, for many years, but the existence of another set of links testifies to the popularity of the game and to the rapid increase of the English colonies in that part of the world. A break leaves the Hôtel de la Plage, Paramé, for La Guimorais, where the links are, in the mornings, returning for dinner time. Lunch is served to club members in the club-room at La Guimorais. The little Breton *gosses* are being pressed into the service of the golfers as "caddies," and the links, which, by-the-bye, are extremely sporting ones, are proving a great boon to the neighbourhood.

The ceremony of marriage, its uses, causes, and so forth, may be variously interpreted by variously minded humanity, as it has been from the beautiful simplicity of old Roman methods to the loosely tied knot of these later days. But I doubt if a more extraordinary symbolism was ever gone through than by an old couple, one of whom died the other day in Paris. Larousse, the well-known publisher, died some time since, leaving his wife, then over sixty, with a large fortune. An elderly artist of her own age was enamoured of the lady and her *dot*. She coquetted as women of sixty can still do, but finally consented to be "his," and their nuptials, as duly described, have a most French flavour. There was no marriage; but these twin souls wrote out their marriage vows, and, affixing them to the portrait of the deceased M. Larousse, declared themselves man and wife. Beautifully simple and straightforward this; but it does not satisfy the dead woman's family, who say impolite things about undue influence and so forth, because Madame passed over a nephew, two nieces, and a brother to give her whole fortune to the artist in question. An action at law is, therefore, the result of this unmarrying marriage, and the surviving twin soul will probably have to disgorge—all, too—because of a constitutional objection to the ways and means of morality. What a price to pay for having evaded a simple little ceremony! The fortune in dispute is estimated at close on a million francs.

It seems the Kodak is, among other luxuries of the season, *défendu* in Austria. A most amusing account reaches me from a friend of the Mr. Mix who was recently popped into prison and kept there two days for having photographed a picturesque-looking Jew at a railway station. This victim of the camera was pursuing his peaceful way from Paris to Odessa, when, espying a too-fascinating Israelite in native garb, he reached for his Kodak, and popped a picture off on the spot. Just then a detective showed up, and made relentless use of Polish and German, to the utter confusion of the unfortunate photographer. Nobody speaking either English or French could be found at Przemyśl, and Mr. Mix and his valise were accordingly inducted to the spicy delights of a prison bed, while the Kodak views were being developed, and telegrams as to his identity despatched to Paris. Everything was made right next day, but not before the prison insects had made painfully free with Mr. Mix's cuticle, who departed in high dudgeon, naturally, with the authorities for their silly mistake. "As if," adds my friend—very naturally, too—"a spy, which these idiots mistook Mix for, would be at all likely to buy a through ticket from Vienna to Odessa, and to take photographs in such a public way. Nothing but the Jack-in-office foolery of a minor detective could have accomplished so egregious a mistake, and a so-called civilised country where such things can occur should be written off the map of every travelling Englishman." With the various unpleasant recollections, notably the bites aforesaid, of this enforced sojourn in Austria, Mr. Mix's friends may well be pardoned the nervous language in which they denounce so feeble an official *contretemps*.

People of a sentimental and gushing turn have frequently frowned me down as a Goth, a Vandal, and an image-breaker when I have suggested on my occasional Rhine journeys the practicability, not to say advisability, of turning a few of the more get-at-able castles on the way into smart modern hotels, or, at all events, hydropathies, with a Rhine wine cure instead of water. Old associations, they say, and mediæval memories, what about them? and so on. But, all the same, a mediæval house of call or two with up-to-date fixings would be uncommonly nice between Coblenz and Bingen or thereabout; and I have an idea that such a caravanserai, if comfortable, would certainly catch on. They have very sensibly had an inspiration of this kind at Ouchy, and what is left of the beautifully situated old castle has been skilfully "adapted" to the many wants of the luxuriously going traveller of to-day: velvet pile carpets where stout warriors once trod on rushes; electricity supplanting the fitful vagaries of torchlight; delicately prepared dishes, served in the historic rooms where sucking-pigs and puddings once tickled the robust palates of brawny generations with cast-iron digestions. But the same inimitable panorama from the castle windows of lake and lovely country meets one everywhere. Now, who would remain subservient to a bold mediævalism who could at once combine its æsthetic features with the refined fleshpots of this comfortable present? Not I. The loveliest scene and the most sacredly romantic environment is all the better for an oyster *soufflé* and a glass of *très sec* at lunch time. And is anything more soothing to the reflection than a *petit verre* in company with well-made Mocha afterwards?

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LAST WEEK'S PARIS.



THE EIFFEL TOWER AT BLACKPOOL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. POULTON AND SON, LEE, S.E.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A WILD GOOSE
TALE.

BY FLORA ANNIE STEEL.



HERE be tales
which are true
and tales which
are not true; but,

unfortunately for poor humanity, the déjeuner in the Garden of Eden, with its resulting knowledge of good and evil, did not include an intuitive perception of truth.

I was led to this profound reflection some years ago as I sat on a flight of stone steps overlooking the Minch. Before me lay an expanse of blue sky flecked by white clouds, an expanse of blue sea flecked by white horses, between them a fishing solan, blending the blues and whites in a pillar of spray as it fell from sky to sea after its invisible prey. An ideal scene; an ideal day. But I had just lost a five-pound note over a domesticated grey-lag gander, who was preening himself on the green; and the fact that four of my companions on the yacht which lay anchored in the bay had lost similar sums did not console me. It was not our host's fault. He had warned us that wild geese were the wisest animals in creation; he had sworn the tale was true, and we had treated him with contumely. So he had brought us and our cigars to the steps whence, five minutes before, we had seen that beast of a gander go deliberately up to the big water-butt, turn the tap with his bill, and take a leisurely bath, just as if five-pound notes could be raised any time, like a trout in the lochs, by a dun brown.

"You will observe," said our host, caressing the ears of his favourite setter, "that he does not close the tap again. Indeed, he seems unable to connect this negligence with the subsequent phenomenon of an empty butt. Barring this failure to grasp the first principle of hydrostatics, there is nothing, I verily believe, which that grey-lag does not understand."

There was a loud silence. We had learnt our lesson.

"And yet," continued our host, meditatively, "that bird is a living example of the truth that the wisest of us may stoop to folly. It is two years since, and he has almost recovered his self-respect and authority in the farmyard, but at the time he was quite crushed. You are aware, of course, that the grey-lags are not only monogamous, but that, as a rule, the tie is binding for life?"

One of our party, whose wife audits his monthly accounts, murmured his belief that the same was true of the whole family of geese.

"They do not pair until the second year, and when our colony of domesticated grey-lags began it so happened that it consisted of two geese and a gander, one of the former being, as it were, still in the schoolroom. As a natural consequence, the gander set up house with the other, whom, for the sake of convenience, we will call Eleanor. He was a good husband, a devoted father, for you are also aware, of course, that the goose tribe share the duties of the nursery. During the time of

incubation he took most of the day work, so as to allow Eleanor the solace of society. Afterwards he sat up at night with the young goslings when they were teething. He was, in fact, a compendium of all the domestic virtues, and had, let us hope, his reward in the affection of his family.

"It was on Feb. 14 in the following year that I first noticed a slight friction in the hitherto happy home. Until then the younger goose, whom we will call Rosamund, had been freely admitted to the family circle and permitted to graze with it. I was surprised, therefore, to see Eleanor, after watching furtively from behind a boulder, advance on Rosamund and drive her away with great asperity; the gander—I could see from his expression—remonstrating feebly as he was hurried away to a distant part of the green. After that poor Rosamund used to sit on a seaweed-covered stone on the shore and look out over the Minch, the image of outraged innocence and patient despair. Eleanor had settled her nest, as on the preceding year, about a quarter of a mile from the house, and on the principle, I suppose, of Satan finding mischief for idle hands, kept the gander pretty busy with preparations. Consequently, I saw very little of anyone but Rosamund, who moped on the edge of the tide like Mariana at the window of the Moated Grange. With that human arrogance which must be so aggravating to the inferior animals, I concluded she was on the look-out for another mate. I was sorry for her as a victim to civilisation.

"When, however, the incubation began I noticed at once that the gander had insisted on having his day out. After all, it was very natural. Eleanor was no longer quite young. She was the mother of a family, and as such society had doubtless ceased to have charms for her. I may say, gentlemen, that I had no suspicions until in the dusk one evening I met the gander hurrying up the path from the shore with Rosamund. He was evidently afraid of being late—somewhere.

"The next day Rosamund had disappeared, and, as Eleanor was now immersed in maternal duties all day, I saw nothing of anyone, save the gander. In the early mornings—or late evenings he appeared for a few minutes on the green, with bill down, grazing hastily, distractedly, like a man eating his dinner at a railway-station. He looked ill at ease: his eyes had the sleepless, harassed look of one burning the candle of life at both ends, and he never took a bath. At the time I wondered at this, for, as you are aware, he is a very cleanly bird." (A faint sigh ran round the company.) "Afterwards I learnt, by the light of subsequent events, to appreciate the self-sacrifice. Though erring, he was not utterly dead to duty, and the fear of giving a chill to his potential offspring restrained him from a personal pleasure.

"For, about three weeks after I had seen him hurrying up the path, I had to go over to Flodda—that island yonder—to shoot a sheep; and

there, sitting on three eggs, I found the gander, Rosamund, meanwhile, being allowed the solace of society, as poor Eleanor had been the year before. I shall never forget the expression of that bird when he saw me. Perhaps you can imagine it, gentlemen. At any rate, I cannot describe it properly; but there was a pathetic appeal in it, as much as to say, 'Yes, old man; I've made a mistake, I know; but I'm not sparing myself. I sit all day here, and I sit all night over the way, and, upon my soul, I don't think either of them has much to complain about.'

"I went home, curious to see the *dénouement* of the little tragedy. It began with the appearance of Eleanor, bringing with her two green-and-gold goslings like balls of chenille. They were children any father might be proud of, and the gander gazed at them with fondest affection. But his 'honour rooted in dishonour stood,' and almost before the mother had finished pointing out their charms he was off to his other duties. I don't know what excuse he made. There are a number of them to choose from, so it can be left to the imagination. It was after this that I noticed for the first time what I may call moral deterioration in the gander. Hitherto he had, as it were, bolstered up his self-respect by his own discomfort; now, when I met him hurrying towards the kelp-house—where, no doubt, he had a sick friend, or something of that sort—he had the furtive look in his eye of one who is thoroughly ashamed of himself. He was lying horribly, and he knew it. Still, in his limited way, he was really trying to minimise the evil. To no purpose. He was reckoning without that feminine love of a scene which is responsible for so many tragedies in life. One day, when the sun was shining, the sea and sky as blue as blue could be, and all nature seemed one vast peace, Rosamund walked into the farmyard with three green-and-gold goslings—more green-and-gold, more fluffy, more utterly desirable than any previous goslings! Gentlemen, I have heard many sermons on the danger of yielding to temptation; they are all weak as water compared to my memory of the gander as he stood there in the sunlight, surrounded by five goslings and two geese. Three weeks after he was skin and bone."

"Is that all?" asked one of our party, timorously.

Our host sighed.

"I wish I could say it was. Next year those three goslings were motherless. I will say this for the gander, that I am convinced he was innocent of all blame; I will say this for Eleanor, that she did her best to look after the orphans; but there is a sense of duty about the female sex which makes me glad sometimes that I'm not a married man. That is all. It is a true story, and if any of you doubt it I shall be happy to prove it from the mouth of creditable witnesses—on the same terms."

There was another loud silence.

AMONG THE SEALS.

The hardy fishermen of our oldest colony, Newfoundland, are settling down for the winter, after their exile among the ice floes of the sealing grounds, and amid the barren desolation of the Labrador coast and the fogs of the Grand Banks. To us in England, who care little for the dried codfish so much consumed in Roman Catholic communities, it is in the pursuit of the seal that these fellow-colonists are of greatest interest, and a terrible life of exposure and peril they have. Here is a photograph taken by Mr. Grenfell, M.R.C.S., superintendent of the Mission



SEALING STEAMER ON THE ICE.

to Deep Sea Fishermen, which is doing such excellent medical and philanthropic work among these neglected subjects of the Queen. It represents a sealing steamer on the ice. The pan ice has drifted in to the land and become so packed as to seem one solid mass. Often the drift is so strong that a ship is hopelessly stuck on the ice, actually in sight of plenty of seals, and yet unable to reach a single one. Many a voyage is thus lost. It is upon these floating pans or floes of ice that the seals give birth to their young, drifting about with wind and tide, and often as many are met with together as will load one or two steamers. Then is the time for the crew to land. With wild war-whoops

they rush upon the simple, trusting seal, and a sickening bout of clubbing and hacking ensues. Mr. Grenfell's photograph shows the crew on the look-out for seals.

It is during this *mêlée* on the ice that occurs that skinning of the seal alive about which so much has been written. It is only the work



KILLING A DRIVE OF FUR SEALS.

of a few moments to club the seal on the head, rip off the pelt (skin plus fat) with the knife, and leave a mass of quivering flesh to rot and be washed away by the summer tides, and it is not easy to suggest methods more humane and yet practicable in the hurry and rush of sealing life. Another photograph by Mr. Grenfell shows how the skin is stripped from a dead seal without the fat, but that long process would not suit the trade. Besides, how could the sealing steamer spare room to carry back to St. John's the whole seal pelt and carcase? As it is, steamers sometimes now come into St. John's so laden with seal-skins that there is no room for the men except on deck, and cases have been known in which during an ice jam some 200 to 300 men, forming a crew of such a laden steamer, have had to live entirely on deck for nearly a month amid ice and snow.



SKINNING A DEAD SEAL.

Happily, they seemed little the worse for the exposure, and came in to St. John's as merry as sand-boys. But if you happen to see such a crew, or, indeed, any seal fishermen, give them a wide berth. No seal fisherman would think of washing during the month or six weeks that the fishing lasts, and at the end of it all he looks for all the world like a well-oiled chimney-sweep. And then think of the odour!

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"PASTORALS OF FRANCE." BY FREDERICK WEDMORE.

There is no great imaginative substance; it may be, in these stories (Elkin Mathews and John Lane), but everyone who is sensitive to the fine shades and the fine feelings, though not with the sentiment which makes the Miss Poles in George Meredith's novel such delicious models of affection, must find in Mr. Wedmore's little book a fresh and subtle charm. I fancy Mr. Wedmore has no special bent towards story-telling. Probably he has found his inspiration from time to time, at long intervals, in a French landscape—the tranquil country round Tours, for example, or a scene on the Breton coast. I can conceive him gradually interweaving human associations with some favourite bit of colour on the Loire, or with a collection of *genre* paintings or old china. The picture seems generally more important to him than the story; the spirit of the collector sustains two of his heroes in the most tragic moments of their lives. Perhaps Philip Rutterby in "A Last Love at Pornic" and Richard Pelse in "A Chemist in the Suburbs" are essentially one and the same person, though Philip is a wealthy connoisseur and Richard began life as an errand-boy in a druggist's shop. Philip has "a few of Rembrandt's etchings," as he modestly says, "and some prints of Marc Antonio's, some Dürers, Behams, Jacopo di Barbari's, too. And most of Mantegna's prints I am fortunate enough to possess." He has spent a hundred thousand pounds on his collection; and it is worth double the money. Richard, the humble chemist in the City Road, had amassed first editions and the best Worcester. Then came "bits that were faultless of Batterssea enamel—casket and candlesticks, salt-cellar, needle-case and rose-pink patch-box; best of all, the dainty *étui* with the rare puce ground, or the white thing with the tulip and the pansy." The list goes on a little further, and I seem to hear Mr. Wedmore sighing over it, for peradventure it is another's. How could a born collector think of such treasures, especially if they are not his property, without associating them with some sadness in a human life? Philip Rutterby is an elderly bachelor, who falls in love with a beauty of nineteen at the inauspicious moment when her hand is sought by a dashing young *sous-préfet*. Richard Pelse, the self-made druggist, has the misfortune to meet a flower of the upper classes in an Italian hotel. She loves him; but, of course, she cannot marry him. I state this bare outline of the two best stories in the book with the apprehension one might have in handling the most exquisitely fragile ware.



MR. F. WEDMORE.

Photo by M. Stephens, Harrögate.

The chemist has an audacious visit from his beloved. She flits into his shop one winter night, sits in his armchair, plays some wild Polish music on his piano, drinks his tea, kisses him, and vanishes for ever. No more for him "the voice, the figure's lines, the blonde head and the eyes, and the mouth that was Cupid's bow." Then comes a little note, a rather weakly apologetic little note, and that is the last of his romance in any tangible shape. So he moves to the City Road, which is not contiguous, like Orchard Street, to those distracting upper classes, and he lives on his memories and his first editions. Here you see what a salvation it is to be a collector even if you are only a chemist. "When he allowed himself a luxury, for himself and one rare crony—an unknown artist of the neighbourhood, discovered tardily, a professor of languages who understood literature, or a brother druggist whom business dealings caused him to know—it was nothing short of the best that he allowed himself; he admitted not the second-rate; he was an idealist still. The fruit with which just once or twice in summer or in autumn he regaled a pretty child was not an apple or an orange, but grey-bloomed grapes or a peach quite flawless. The glass of wine which he brought out from the parlour cupboard to the weak old woman, accommodated with a chair, was a soft Madeira or a sherry nearly as old as she was. It had known long voyages. It was East India or it was Bristol Milk." When Philip Rutterby resigns Ondlette to the *sous-préfet* with the manly feeling that, although he might marry the girl if he wished, for she is French, and he is well-to-do, and her parents are his oldest friends, such a sacrifice of her young life to his declining years would be

too great, he is upheld by his collections. "I am going to start this morning," he says to her, "and you will think of me sometimes among my works of art—my pictures—that talk to me. And you must not pity my loneliness, you know, after all, with that companionship, for pictures are the voices of great men. But sometimes—sometimes you will think of me, my sweet child?" I am not sure that Mr. Wedmore does not look at this scene as he would at some picture on his wall of the farewell of Age to Youth—some picture that has prompted a reverie, not very poignant, but daintily sorrowful, in which the human figures are just traceable in a tender haze of regret. This pictorial element is uppermost again in the story of Clémentine in "The Four Bells of Chartres." Clémentine is the niece of the *curé*, and she marries a worthless young speculator from Paris. Her life and death are of no special significance: she is the ordinary French girl who weds the first apparently unobjectionable suitor; but the *curé*, who brought her from the convent school, who feels vaguely that the marriage is a blunder, who is something more than the average country priest, though in no sense conspicuous, remains

the most human reminiscence of the "upland plain and its nestling village" and the cathedral bells. On the eve of Clémentine's wedding he is sad with the sense of parting and foreboding. "When she had first gone upstairs to bed he had paced up and down the little room. His eye had fallen on the piano, on the cards and card-box for their evening game of piquet, which were allowed to be always on the corner of the mantelshelf. He had gone up to the piano, and locked it for the first time since it had been in the house. He had taken the cards and card-box in his hand and had mounted the stairs, and there, in a little cabinet where he kept chiefly such papers as were important to him—a few old letters, and letters of hers from the convent, and certain family treasures which had been untouched some forty years—there he locked safely, as if they were treasures too, cards, card-box, piano-key."

A note of very agreeable humour distinguishes "A Confidence at the Savile." It is the story of a fastidious man, a writer of sonnets, who had an amorous fancy, of which he was cured by the spectacle of the lady asleep. His exquisite nerves had already been harassed at an hotel. "For four nights in succession I dined in the deserted *salle à manger*, which ended in my being more bored than entertained by the superfluous attentions of the three waiters. One of these looked what he ostensibly was—a waiter, simply, but a waiter who had prospered. The second was meditative,

recueilli, sedately deferential—like Regnier, you remember, as the most firmly fixed of confidential servants in "La Joie Fait Peur." The third was like a priest who is a man of the world also—ecclesiastic first, but diplomatist and *bon vivant* besides. Very different were the three, yet, study them as I would, I could distinguish no inequality in their rank or place. No one of them seemed greater than the others, or was before the others. St. Athanasius himself—not to say it irreverently—would have been puzzled to define their position. I felt the impressiveness of them all, and I left the hotel." But in a neighbouring villa he met a most personable young Englishwoman, full of vivacity and soul and excellent health. The circumstances did not justify his falling in love, but he was "not sure the young woman did not." "She was peculiar in her intelligence, in her beauty of strength, in her comprehensiveness and tolerance. Along with these she had that gift of reverence which is not, as far as I have noticed, the especial characteristic of our day." Together they had watched the beauties of the Loire. All was well till the poet finds the damsel sleeping after a long walk. "Margaret's hands, long, healthy, full-veined and true flesh-coloured, hung by her side. I'm an observer of hands, and hers were the right sort; but her face? The soul had gone out of it! . . . If I said that her jaw visibly fell I should be wronging her. It did not do that. But the soul was gone. What I seemed to see was dead matter. Margaret slept the sleep of the just, but the sleep of the unattractive." The whole sketch is admirably balanced and polished to the point where perfect ease is courtously indifferent to over-elaboration.

L. F. A.

A CHAT WITH MR. LENNOX BROWNE.

If you did not know, your first idea would be that you were in the room of an impresario, for along to the right and facing you over the finely carved white marble mantelpiece are photographs of singers, with here and



Photo by Dixon, Albany Street, N.W.

MR. LENNOX BROWNE.—BY V. LAVERY.

there an actor. However, when your eyes wander to the windows and you see the horrors between them—the cruel, burning, biting, and cutting things—you feel the presence of the Doctor, and pray you may never know how the things are used. Then you look at the photos. Here is a pretty one of Madame Calvé, with the inscription, “*Souvenir respectueux et affectueux d’une petite malade.*” Another of hers has tied to it the red flower she throws in “Carmen” with deadly aim at José. Anon a charming photo of Miss Florence St. John—“From a grateful patient: A friend in need is a friend indeed.” Jean de Reszke writes on his likeness, “*A mon ami et illustre maître*”; and Edouard’s words are as warm. Of the brothers, indeed, there is a unique memento—an

original sketch of Jean made by Edouard. You can see a lovely picture of Miss Julia Neilson-Terry and her baby, youngest of the great Terry family. There are photos of Miss Eames, majestic in her beauty; Max Alvarez, who signs himself “Alvarez de l’Opéra”; the Gaekwar of Baroda, Patti, Tietjens, poor Surgeon Parke, Arthur Roberts, and many another grateful patient.

It is the room of Mr. Lennox Browne, the oracle of all those whose voice is their fortune, author of many standard works on the throat, and on singing, too.

“And now, Doctor,” I began.

“Look here, Mr. Interviewer, I’m not doctor to you. I don’t mean to talk about myself or my profession, so it isn’t worth your while or *The Sketch’s* to ask me. Shall I look at your throat—as a friend?”

“Thank you, my throat’s all right, or I’d rather not know if it isn’t, so you can’t look. However, let me see some of your pictures, for I know you are almost as wonderful an operator with the palette as on the palate.” You see, I guessed that there would be a difficulty about the interview, and I thought that if he could be induced to talk about one subject not taboo I might lure him on to the forbidden ground. The interviewer has to work by crook when the hook fails.

Then he showed some of his water-colours. Since I am no longer an art critic, I will offer no criticism, but merely some of the praise due to them. The Doctor is a sketcher in water-colours who has a true idea of the limits of a sketch—not *The Sketch*, for it has none. Occasionally he paints a finished picture, but his main motive is to use a fine eye for colour and admirable draughtsmanship in recording what he sees, and he sees far more than most of us. He is a keen student of atmospheric effects. His skies match the pictures, instead of being pretty but irreconcilable, as in half the Academy landscapes. Small wonder this, for he paints chiefly in the open air, and paints only what is before his eyes.

“That’s a hot summer afternoon, isn’t it?” I said, pointing to a very pretty piece of Thames scenery—he is a true lover of the “silver stream.”

“Yes, at about four o’clock. I flatter myself that an observer can generally tell the time of the day and season of the year in my pictures, as well as the state of the weather. No, I haven’t reached the day of the week yet, though you might distinguish Sunday on the river. Look at these. Every day I got up to paint that scene in the sunrise, and then took it again at sunset, and sometimes at mid-day. You see, I wanted to study the different atmospheric effects.” It was surprising; the subject certainly was the same, but the effects were strangely different.

Then he showed me “Dawn,” “Sunrise,” “Noontime,” “Five-o’clock Tea,” and “Sunset in the Bay of Biscay” in a December north-westerly breeze—simply a study of sky and clouds, and their effect on the sea—and a number of ocean pictures taken at every hour of the day and night. True artistic feeling and great skill are displayed in every study.

“Here are two pictures of Robben Island. One shows the convict buildings and the other the leper establishment; the walls in the foreground represent the doctor’s house. The magnificent view of Table Mountain and other ranges from this spot proves that it is by no means ‘the Desolate Island,’ as a writer in *Blackwood* once called it.”

The sketches which we reproduce are part of a series of 107 drawings made on steamer, train, and cart in two short health journeys to the Cape and Natal. After this I looked at some treasures: a photograph of his patient the Duke of Connaught, with his autograph, a clock given by “Rip Van Winkle Jefferson,” a vase from Charles Mathews—the actor, not the late Home Secretary—and a big silver bowl, “To Lennox Browne, Esq., from his Colleagues on the Staff and Committee of the Central London Throat and Ear Hospital.” The hospital, of which he is senior surgeon, owes its existence chiefly to him. Then I admired and envied his pictures, notably a lovely Whistler and two charming Laverys, as well as beautiful works of other artists.

“How do you find time to paint so much—doesn’t it interfere—?”

“Not a bit. I don’t paint in town. To tell the truth, I owe much of my professional success to my art work. The training of eye and hand necessary to an artist immensely aids a surgeon, who works sometimes



ROBBEN ISLAND.

where a hair's-breadth severs death from life. Art is in the traditions of the profession. I need only name Sir William Thompson, Sir Prescott Hewett, and Sir Charles Bell, all able artists. A good voice or aptitude for acting might ruin a young doctor, but not a love of the brush. I did want to be an artist. Why, when I was eighteen I gave a year's drawing lessons in a ladies' school, and even taught the daughters of Robson, the actor. But the son of a celebrated surgeon can hardly keep out of the profession."

Incidentally I may say that Mrs. Lennox Browne does the acting. The charming wife of the Doctor for many years was President of

who suppose there is something radically wrong with their throats. The laryngoscope tells me that five out of six simply want treatment for general health; but only one who sees every state of the throat frequently can tell with certainty the difference between a real disease of it and a weakness from general health that affects it only for a time. That's the trouble with singers. The voice gets 'off colour.' 'Doctor,' they say to me, 'I think my vocal chords are injured.' I look, and find nothing the matter except overwork, bad method of singing, and general out of sorts—nothing for the surgeon to do, anyhow. The true value of the laryngoscope is to enable us to assure patients that there's nothing

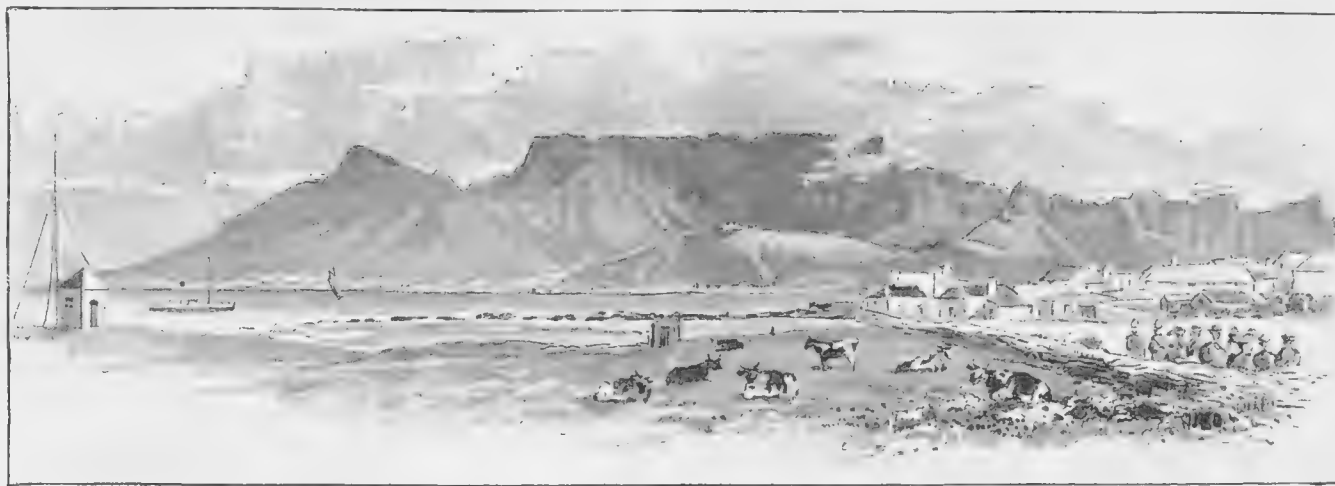


TABLE MOUNTAIN. FROM ROBBER ISLAND.

"The Busy Bees," one of the foremost amateur companies of London, and she played principal parts with great success. I may mention that Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, Miss Maude Millett, Miss Beatrice Lamb, and not a few others now famous were once "Busy Bees." I managed to lure the Doctor to the subject of specialists, whose defence he undertook in reply to a perfidious remark of mine.

"Many mock at us," he said; "but a large number of my gratuitous patients are doctors. I suppose you know we all go through a complete general training. Sir James Paget once said, 'There is no reason why because one's work is narrow that it should be shallow.' Of course, we have more perfect instruments for our special work and more practice in using them. Constantly patients are sent to me by general practitioners,

serious the matter. When Jean de Reszke came to me, he fancied it was a case for surgery, but I said it wasn't, and it wasn't."

"I suppose singers are troublesome patients?" I observed.

"Of course; all singers are more or less neurotic. You see, they've only one string to their bow, although they've two vocal chords. Everything depends on the voice, which is their passport to fame and means of bread-and-butter. No wonder that those with weak heads suffer greatly from success. You see, the singer in concert-room or theatre really has a fine time of it, for he gets not only the applause due to him, but that earned by composer, conductor, orchestra, scene-painter, and everyone else. So some of them study their throats night and day."

"I presume that fine voices are a very perishable commodity?"

"No, not very. The truth is, it's a question of method. I remember Carl Rosa saying to me once, when I recommended a singer to him, 'Has he been a patient? If so, it's for a radical defect, or injury from bad method. Strong voices are the best, you know, because they mean a good method.' Some voices go wrong," the surgeon observed, "from the effort to screw a 'cello up to a viola—a baritone to a tenor—it's a great strain, and the instrument becomes very sensitive. However, the apparatus is very strong in all three parts—bellows, vibrator, and resonator. Why do people sing too sharp or flat? Generally speaking, sharpness is a defect of the ear, flatness comes from nervousness or ill-health, and nervousness is the result of over-conscientiousness or a feeling of incompetence."

The Doctor began to tell me about his work as surgeon to the Opera, as well as the Royal Society of Musicians, and his difficulty in deciding between the singer afraid of hurting his voice and the manager anxious to use him, when the servant came, for the third time, to say that the carriage was at the door. I wondered whether that was the way of getting rid of garrulous patients, but came to the conclusion that I had better leave—so I left.

E. F.-S.

THE ANTICS OF THE ANT.

The celebrated scientist, M. Camille Flammarion, has been lately holding up that vindictive little insect the ant to admiration in a series of eloquent arguments. He claims that, having existed for millions of years before man, the ant is proportionately experienced—as he, no doubt, ought to be—while his intelligence is at least equal to that of the *fin-de-siècle* dude of to-day or the Central African savage. Alas, poor dude! Ants have, it appears, their milch cows, their stables, their cemeteries, their flocks and herds; they make love, marry, die. But here I must really quote M. Flammarion himself on the inflammable antics of the ant: "Shall we speak of their marriages?" asks this fervid enthusiast, "of the hour of love and pleasure, in which clouds of winged ants, male and female, can be seen flying away in the air of a warm autumn evening, dashing through the electrified atmosphere in a fantastic circle, intoxicated, distracted, seemingly seized with madness, carried away quivering above aerial landscapes, seeking some point of support to allow of their growing passion being satisfied, settling on towers and belfries, rolling in such dizziness that exhausted passion extinguished the idyll in annihilation and death." Who would have thought an ant had so much in him? The general idea is that he stings very badly, and makes a toothsome morsel for young partridges before the shooting begins. But these heights and depths of insect emotion, can one accept them seriously? Who knows, though? Perhaps even a flea has feelings. He certainly excites them.



Mr. Holbrook Curtis. Mr. Lennox Browne. Dr. J. Joel.
M. Jean de Reszke. M. Edouard de Reszke.

A GROUP AT MONT DORE, 1892.

THE WORK OF THE CAMERA.

I.—ANIMAL STUDIES.

BY H. SNOWDEN WARD.

A distinct and highly specialised branch of camera work is that which attempts to depict the various phases of animal life, and the men who are best known in connection with it are pure enthusiasts—men of single purpose, who have devoted time, labour, and money to the special line in which they now excel, who have had to work and wait with but little recognition or encouragement, even on the part of the photographic public.

Of all the names connected with animal work none is better known than that of Ottomar Anschütz, of Lissa, Posen, whose history is as picturesque and interesting as his photographs. Not long ago he was an unknown photographer in an almost unknown town—or village, for Lissa is little more—but he felt an interest in animals, in their habits and ways of life and their methods of locomotion, and in spite of the greatest possible obstacles succeeded in recording that life and motion as it had never been done before, with the result that his work is now recognised and appreciated all over the world. Some of the most interesting and curious of Mr. Anschütz's studies are those of flying storks, and especially a series of studies of "the stork family at home," six of which are reproduced herewith. In a district where these birds nest among the chimneys of the cottages no great art was needed in approaching them; but the work afforded excellent practice in the overcoming of photographic difficulties, and gave the photographer experience which stood him in good stead when engaged upon the wild animals in the Zoological Gardens at Breslau. The object of the work in the Breslau "Zoo" was to obtain a series of studies of



Photo by L. Medland.

THE APTERYX.

each species of animal there confined, under circumstances and amid surroundings that should reproduce their natural conditions as nearly as possible; and for this end the authorities gave every assistance in their power. They allowed the photographer to construct an enclosure large enough to give the animals an unusual amount of freedom, and this he arranged and laid out in different ways to represent the different habitats of the beasts. At one time the foreground was filled with rocks and pines, and a panorama of pine-clad hills arranged just within the railings, to add to the naturalness of photographs of deer and other mountain animals. At another time the rocks gave place to a waste of sand, and the panorama became a range of distant, low-lying hills, that the lion might be shown in his proper and conventional desert. At one side of the enclosure was a hut in which the photographer worked, with a window shielded as much as possible to prevent the animals' attention being attracted to it, and provided with a shutter that could be closed very rapidly if an animal caught sight of the lens and attempted to investigate with its claws, as was the case occasionally. It was difficult to rouse the beasts, and more particularly the Carnivora, from the comparative lethargy into which they naturally fall after lengthened confinement in a small space; but the keepers did what they could by exciting and annoying the creatures with poles, and then placing in the enclosure some tit-bit of meat, or even a live goat or sheep, or a couple of live fowls. Even with these inducements it was difficult to rouse the animals to the necessary alertness and vigour. Some of them seemed frightened and cowed in their new enclosure, and had to be left for hours, or even days, before recovering their equanimity. The lion was a particularly difficult subject, and for a long time seemed completely unnerved by the bleating of the sheep that was given to him. The tiger, on the other hand, at once understood the matter sufficiently to catch and kill the various animals provided for him, and to tear them to pieces in a very skilful manner; but Mr. Anschütz observed that he did not suck the blood, as tigers are commonly supposed to do. In spite of all the difficulties in inducing the animals to "pose" properly, Mr. Anschütz succeeded in taking about a hundred negatives daily. Just at the time when a beast was in the best position, the plates were exposed very rapidly, one after the other, the photographer attending to

the camera, and his two daughters handing him fresh dark slides, with unexposed plates. Of course, the hundred negatives taken in a day included a large majority of failures, for, although the exposure was usually only one-fifth of a second, many of the studies were spoilt by movement, and many of the positions were rejected as unsuitable.

This class of work naturally led to the photographic study of animal motion and locomotion, a department in which an American worker,



Photo by A. G. Wallihan.

WILD DEER.

Professor Eadweard Muybridge, was working with great success at the same time. Both the experimenters worked out the subject on similar lines, and succeeded in very perfectly reproducing the appearance of action by taking a long series of rapid pictures of the different phases of an action, and viewing them by means of the well-known "wheel-of-life." Anschütz generally takes twenty-five phases of a complete action, and the five that are reproduced represent one-fifth of the complete stride of a camel. Both Anschütz and Muybridge have greatly improved upon the simple wheel-of-life. Anschütz, with his electric tachyscope, arranges the series of pictures around the edge of a flat disc of glass, so that when it is rotated they pass in sequence before an opening, and as each picture passes in front of the eye it is momentarily illuminated by an electric spark. This effect can now be seen in various places in London and the chief provincial towns as a penny-in-the-slot machine. Professor Muybridge shows his results by means of the zoopraxiscope, an attachment to a powerful optical or magic lantern, by means of which the movements are brilliantly projected on a screen. This effect was shown by Professor Muybridge at several of his lectures on "Animal Locomotion" some four years ago in England.

The achievement of such results as I have mentioned has entailed infinite labour and study, as well as expense. Mr. Anschütz, for instance, ordered over a hundred lenses before he was satisfied with one for his animal locomotion work, and the camera, altogether, cost him 30,000 marks before it was completed.

One of the best, if not the best producer of animal studies, pure and simple, is Mr. Gambier Bolton, F.Z.S., who sets up a special standard of perfection, insisting that any animal study, to be of real value, must show all four legs and the tail. Other English workers have found the "Zoo" a happy hunting ground, and one of them, Mr. Lewis Medland, is fortunate in being the only man, I believe, who has photographed the apteryx. This curious bird is usually kept in darkness, and seldom, if ever, brought into the sunlight. Another of Mr. Medland's studies, the great ant-eater, is a capital rendering of a technically difficult subject.

But it is not only in zoological gardens and with animals so tame as the camel that the camera has been effectively used. The sportsman has pressed it into his service, and, though little has yet been done, we may expect many useful additions to our knowledge of wild life, especially since the introduction of such a valuable aid as the tele-photographic lens, which enables comparatively large photographs to be taken of animals at almost any distance. Even without this special aid, the camera stalker is often very successful. Mr. A. G. Wallihan, of Colorado, has given much time to camera work, and two studies by him are reproduced from blocks made for the *Practical Photographer*.



Photo by A. G. Wallihan.

WILD DEER.

THE WORK OF THE CAMERA.

From Photographs by Ottomar Anschütz.



STUDIES OF STORK LIFE.



FIVE PHASES OF THE WALK OF A CAMEL.

SOME OF MISS JENNY HILL'S REMINISCENCES.

Her doctors will not allow Miss Jenny Hill to winter in England—they will not even permit her to fulfil her present engagements in London. The same lung trouble which kept her so long a prisoner at Bournemouth,



Photo by London Stereoscopic Company, Cheapside.

MISS JENNY HILL.

before her triumphal reappearance last Whitsuntide, has reasserted itself, and her marching orders are for South Africa, and thereafter Australia.

"It is rather dreadful," she said to me, as the representative of her many friends and admirers who read their *Sketch*, "to contemplate leaving England for so long. I have determined to give up my house here altogether, for it may be that I shall never be able to come home again to stay, if I find a climate that suits me on the other side of the world."

I made haste to distract the attention of the "Vital Spark" from so lugubrious an idea.

"We shall have you here every summer: you must promise that. But to-day I want you to give the readers of *The Sketch* some idea of what the music-hall was like when you first knew it."

"That's more than thirty years ago," said Miss Hill, with a return to her wonted vivacity. "I was a little thing in socks and shoes when I made my first appearance in London. And

"Oh, yes," she continued; "the people paid to go in—a shilling, I think it was. But I'm not sure that this didn't go towards refreshment. Eating went on the whole time as well as drinking. Of course, there was no closing time then; you might stay open all night if you liked; but we used to get away about one o'clock as a rule. Then there was Frampton's, in the Euston Road, also a famous place in those times. They had mirrors all round, and in their way were just as pretty and as smart as any of the most popular halls are nowadays. Frampton's was about as large as the Pavilion; but there was no gallery, so far as I remember. And then another was the Pantheon, a long, narrow place, something like the Marylebone, which then was only a 'bus-yard. At halls like Dr. Johnson's they used to give you about three shillings a night, and refreshments added in. It sounds very small pay nowadays, but no one got any more then. My first weekly salary was only £1, which I got at the Winchester Music-Hall in Stockwell—quite thirty years ago now."

"When did the custom come in of singing at more than one place in the same evening?" I asked.

"That must have been about the same time, or a little later. I well recollect my first two 'turns.' They were at Deacon's—Sadler's Wells it is now—and at the Raglan. It was Mr. Deacon who gave me the first pair of tights which I had ever seen. He bought them for me as a present. I think I got thirty shillings a week at each hall, but I can show you a box full of my old contracts, if you would care to see them."

That box would be worth a large sum to anyone who proposed to write the history of the modern music-hall and its developments. Here one has only space for a very few excerpts. Among the first papers I hit on was a Pavilion contract dated 1874. The salary was to be £6 a week. The printed form

promised that Miss Jenny Hill was to play nowhere else, but a pen had been run through these last two words, and "not at the Oxford" substituted. This was, of course, long before the present syndicate's time. Messrs. Loibl and Sonnhammer signed the contract as proprietors. Among several curious "rules" on the back of the paper was one to the effect that "The principals or solo-singers must take part in all choruses, glees, trios, duets, &c., except in the opening chorus." It was also stipulated that all performers (save in character songs) must wear white kid gloves, and take an encore "as often as called upon by the chairman." Making a speech to the house was punished with the forfeiture of a night's salary.

On another contract of about the same date I found it decreed that if an artiste (*sic*) appeared with a black eye or disfigured face she was liable to instant dismissal.

It was interesting to note the rapid increase of the salary contracted for—this due, as Miss Jenny Hill was anxious to explain, not so much to her own increase in popularity as to the growing craze for the variety entertainment. She also pointed out how enormously salaries varied according to circumstances. Thus one hall (it was at Glasgow) gave her £100 a week for two weeks, and another contract, dated a few weeks later, was for only £20 a week; then again with a jump to 100 guineas a week for the whole run of a provincial pantomime.

"But there's not so much variation nowadays," Miss Hill remarked, "for contracts are made now for three and even more years ahead."

From contracts we turned to the receipts for songs. From half-a-crown for the sole singing rights, the price had increased to as much as twenty guineas for anything "very special," but one guinea seemed the general fee asked by the little-known writer.

"How many have I got? Well, it has always been my hobby to collect them. I have over 1300 filed in that bookcase, many of which I have never sung at all. Of those I have, perhaps 300 in all have been more or less successful. For it is really quite impossible to tell how a song will go until you try it before the public. Often when I have been most confident, and have paid a big price, the song has never 'got a hand,' and study and money are both wasted."

"And of your many successes, which has been your own favourite?"

"I always look back at 'The Stowaway' as the best thing I ever did."

By no means at the end of the list were "Bill" and "Southend," the two successes of the past season. These cost four guineas a-piece—the words only. Among still more recent purchases was a new coster-girl ditty, of which Miss Hill spoke with great enthusiasm.

"I am so sorry that I sha'n't be able to produce it before I go," she added.



Photo by Savory, New York.

"THE GAL AT THE COFFEE-SHOP."



Photo by A. Cox and Co., Nottingham.

SINGING "SWEET VIOLETS."

I remember it so well: it was at Dr. Johnson's, in Fleet Street. Of course, the hall has been pulled down ever so long, but Dr. Johnson's Court, where it was, is still in existence. It is on the left-hand side going down towards St. Paul's, just beyond where they used to point out to me Sweeny Tod's pic-shop.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



THE YOUNG MUSICIAN.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE AUTOTYPE COMPANY, NEW OXFORD STREET, FROM A NEGATIVE BY MISS LAVIN, EASTBOURNE.
Exhibited at the Gallery of the Photographic Society of Great Britain.

ART NOTES.

The exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours will be opened on Saturday, March 10, and the day for receiving drawings for selection will be exactly three weeks previous to the opening, on Saturday, Feb. 17.

That an excellent custom may grow stale and useless by excessive use is a platitude of the truth of which we do not require to be persuaded by particularly ample demonstration. But the present enormous epidemic of private views comes as an unpleasantly emphatic reminder of this not very profound thought. Of old the private view was a private and peculiar feast, a solemn arrangement solemnly carried out, and regarded by humanity from a serious and grave point of view.

They were like the feasts spoken of in Shakspeare's exquisite lines—

so solemn and so rare,
Since seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placèd are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.

But now they are like the flower of Tennyson's line—

All can grow the flower, for all have got the seed.

Every one-man show is decorated with a preliminary "at home," every dealer in pictures has his private view day, and the world staggers under a load of invitation cards that choke every available open space. This might have been some time a paradox, but the times do give it proof.

The French Gallery, which opened its doors to the public on Monday, Nov. 6, has little enough French about its delightful collection. Nevertheless, it has so much of French sentiment about it that it contains what in the eyes of many competent judges proved itself to be the responsible ancestry of the great French school that arose in the middle of this century. For here hangs Constable's "Hampstead Heath," with its wonderful shining spaces, and translucent atmosphere, with its admirable colour, and its yet more admirable composition. It is well to compare a painting of this kind, broad and masterly in its treatment, with many an example of our later English landscape, with its niggling, unlighted square inches of canvas, its lifeless atoms all unrelated. The Constable was acquired by the proprietors of the French Gallery for

a sum of over two thousand guineas; if we remember aright, the figure was nearer three thousand.

And not far from this splendid example of an English art, which, alas! was destined to find a worthy successor, not in its native country, but in France, hang works by the artist affectionately and familiarly known to posterity by the name of "Old Crome." Crome's quality was no less admirable and artistic than that of Constable, but in a different manner. Constable overwhelms you with his power; Crome persuades



LADY GODIVA.—C. B. BIRCH, A.R.A.

with an infinite grace. Crome's treatment of sunlight, for example, if less masterful, has a luminousness and a golden quality about it, a unity, a brooding harmony, which separate him and nobly distinguish him from his great colleague. Such qualities are well summed up, for example, in such a scene as "A Woodland Glade," where the light of the sun comes falling through the branches of the trees, an admirable interpretation of sunlight and shade. Among works of this noble school of painting, represented also by such names as Gainsborough and the two Wilsons, we find an occasional masterpiece from other artistic discipleships, such as the portrait of Sir Richard Rycroft's daughter by Hoppner, which is an extremely fine and characteristic work, and is in an extraordinary condition of preservation.

At the annual meeting of the Society of Architects, held a few days ago at St. James's Hall, Mr. G. Highton was elected president for the coming year, Messrs. Hamilton and Barnes vice-presidents, and Mr. E. Tidman treasurer. An important feature of the meeting was the bringing forward by Mr. Middleton, in connection with a compulsory entrance examination, of a proposition which, after some discussion, was unanimously adopted. The Council have a present intention of preparing a report upon the subject by June 30, 1894.

An exhibition of pictures which was opened at the Dutch Gallery on Saturday last is likely to prove of more than ordinary interest. Mr. E. J. Van Wisselingh, whose name is known as the patron and original appreciator of such painters as Matthew Maris and John Swan, has determined to run a series of shows in his London gallery. Mr. Arthur Tomson is the painter he has selected to follow his summer exhibition. The collection is entitled "Pictures and Studies, Mainly Cats," and it is invested with particular interest to all cat-lovers, as well as to all those interested in the New English Art Club and the younger movement in art. Mr. Tomson has been for so long a loving student of the cat that with all his pictures one has confidence in their possessing correctness as well as artistic excellence. This show is bound to attract ladies, who are, however, quite equalled in their admiration by many men.



LES COULISSES.—CHARLES SAINTON.
Exhibited at the Burlington Gallery, Old Bond Street, W.

It is a momentous question who is to be the new Director of the National Gallery. That Mr. Poynter, R.A., may succeed to the post is possible, but, apart from any professional reasons, we should be sorry to see an Academician in the chair of the National Gallery. An Academy is one thing, a National Gallery another; and the necessarily temporary

work of the one is a very different thing from the slow and abiding labour which should form the chief quality of a director of the other. Moreover, we have no desire to see a painter fulfilling a position such as this. A painter is necessarily an exclusive devotee of the school of his choice; it is his glory that he should be, and it is his title to consideration that he continues so to be. It is for the connoisseur to have a large yet decisive judgment; he may have schools of his preference, but he belongs to the true art of every time in his sympathies.

The exhibition of drawings by Mr. Wilfrid Ball, now on view at Messrs. Agnew's, is in many respects a charming one. Mr. Ball has been wise enough just to appreciate his own capacity and his own quality. He has a very artistic sense of

Egyptian deserts and Egyptian skies for the fulfilment of his art. His rendering of the Pyramids with a background of grey sky is, for example, a very striking episode. The sun has withdrawn his face, and the gold of the desert has fallen somewhat into dulness. A wrack of dirty cloud is spread over the sky, and the heaviness of the atmosphere is conveyed in an impressive treatment.

His figure subjects, in braverics of colour and curious costume, are usually very pleasantly grouped and composed. One knows these



A LITTLE ACROBAT AND CHRYSANTHEMUMS.
WATANABE SEITEI.

Exhibited at the Japanese Gallery, New Bond Street, W.

light, and a quick instinct for that which, for want of a better word, we call the picturesque. His treatment of colour, too, is, in the better sense of the term, artistic, and his detail is related in a pleasant unity. Therefore, it is well that he should have sought the inspiration of



CRAYFISH.—WATANABE SEITEI.

Exhibited at the Japanese Gallery, New Bond Street, W.



RED-HEADED WOODPECKER ON CHERRY-TREE.—W. SEITEI.

Exhibited at the Japanese Gallery, New Bond Street, W.

narrow streets, with the sunlight filtering through the confined spaces, and the coloured turbans, the characteristic Oriental garb of the natives. It is all very charming and delightful, and stamps the exhibition with a true note of distinction.

Comparatively few paintings were sold at the World's Fair. This is noticeably true of the United States section. Had there been plenty of money, beyond a question the artists would have disposed of many paintings; as it is, the large majority must be satisfied with the renown of the Exhibition of which their works formed a portion.

In Vienna an international art exhibit will be held next year under the auspices of the Association of Artists of Vienna. The object of the exhibit is to show the contemporary art of the world. Separate space will be allotted to each country competing, it is reported, and invitation to foreign nations to participate has been issued in the name of the Austrian Government, which offers a number of gold medals.



SPARROW ON BAMBOO.—WATANABE SEITEI.

Exhibited at the Japanese Gallery, New Bond Street, W.



LA ROBE DE LA MARIÉE.—HUGO SALMONSON.
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.



PAQUITA (BALZAC).—H. GERVEX.
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

"The Brontës in Ireland" (Hodder and Stoughton), apart from the interest of the story it contains, is a curious instance of how long something worth knowing, and something the knowledge of which is much desired, can lie hidden. How many persons have made pilgrimage to Haworth, how many have peered behind Mrs. Gaskell's biography, how many have corresponded with Brontë friends and acquaintances during the last half-century, it would be impossible to say. They have learnt hardly anything; yet there was a great deal to learn, and the knowledge has not been in one person's keeping alone.

The general criticism on Dr. Wright's book will likely be that the stories in it are too good to be true, that persons with such romantic histories and such marked individuality don't live in the actual world. They don't in our world, certainly, but, then, our experiences nowadays are narrow. The stories in the book are truly magnificent. Indeed, nothing in the way of fiction that has appeared lately can in any way be compared to them.

For the first time, some light has been thrown on Emily Brontë. Nothing that Mrs. Gaskell had to tell explained her in the least; the accounts of her given by Charlotte's friends were most meagre. The reticent, self-contained girl was to all appearances influenced by no one. But we see now she was a child of her race, transplanted to an unkindly soil, without even Charlotte's moderate amount of adaptability.

The Brontës did not begin their intellectual pursuits merely when a chance of education came to them. They had thought for themselves, spoken and written, too, before Patrick went to Cambridge. Dr. Wright makes out a good case for John Martin's "tenant right" doctrines having been originated in the mind of the Brontë grandfather. Their powers of story-telling and verse-making were altogether remarkable. But what most distinguished them, and what makes their history so entertaining, was their power of having adventures. To find the prettiest elopement story in the world read the account of Alice McClory's marriage to Hugh Brontë. And a stranger tale than any Disraeli put into his "Curiosities of Literature" is that of Charlotte's uncle journeying from Ireland to London, via Haworth, blackthorn in hand, to track the Quarterly Reviewer to his den and belabour him. Did Lady Eastlake hear at the time, we wonder, of the danger threatening the writer of the article?

That delightful old conservative, "A Son of the Marshes," has produced still another book, "The Woodlanders" (Blackwood). His material is wearing visibly thinner, but his love is not all exhausted yet, and his appeals to those in authority to leave things as they are and his regrets for the times that are gone are as eloquent as ever. Perhaps none of his papers have been more striking than the first one in this book, in which he describes the wildness of the dwellers in the woodlands, the marked differences between them and other folks, and the effect on them of their close intimacy with nature.

Facts can, of course, be better learnt from text-books, and the poetry of natural history you get better in Jefferies. But the "Son of the Marshes" has, without any doubt, the power of giving you a fit of the "wanders." It is almost impossible to sit indoors while you read him. And then his inexhaustible scorn for amateurs and for mere talking people is so tonic and wholesome.

A lively book of home travel, with fascinating and practicable suggestions for next year's holidays, is Mr. Harper's "From Paddington to Penzance" (Chatto). The description of the journey, mostly done on foot, is, at least, good-natured and amusing. But the pictures, also by Mr. Harper, are the real feature of the book. They are mostly pen-and-ink sketches. All are strong and suggestive, and admirably reproduced.

A charming English edition of M. Bergerat's "Wild Sheep Chase" has just been published by Messrs. Seeley. A holiday in Corsica, chasing the mouflon in company with Prince Roland Bonaparte, provided the matter for this book—an excellent piece of journalism, written with a sparkle and vivacity not all lost in the translation. It will recall the first reading of "Colomba," and revive the desire to make the acquaintance of picturesque bandits in a strange, unhackneyed land.

While hunting the mouflon, M. Bergerat brought down much else, and his descriptions, never too lengthy, and always pointed, have been charmingly illustrated by I do not know what pen-and-ink artist. It is a book to read in winter, to make you dream of just such another Prince who will carry you off as necessary to his enjoyment of the chase of just such an enticing and difficult animal in just such another sunny isle of the sea. Then frost and fog will thaw and scatter for an hour or two.

Three new editions, in good binding and beautiful examples of typography, of the "Oxford Bible for Teachers," have just been published by Mr. Henry Frowde (Oxford University Press Warehouse). They have the great advantage of nearly five hundred pages of notes, maps, and concordance. The latter are also bound up separately in a neat shilling volume, which deserves high commendation for its concise and clear contents. The Bibles are printed on Oxford India paper, which substantially decreases their weight, and makes these books all the more portable. Mr. Frowde seems to have reached high-water mark in the publication of these Bibles, which are of many sizes and in many styles of binding.

Mr. Frederick A. Atkins has practically shown the advantage of matrimony—in a literary sense—by the Christmas number of the *Young Man* and the *Young Woman*, the two excellent monthly magazines he edits. The contents of this combined number, the price of which is sixpence, comprise contributions by Barry Pain, Mrs. Crawford, W. T. Stead, Mark Guy Pearse, W. J. Dawson, and H. M. Stanley. There are plentiful portraits of writers, especially familiar to readers of the magazines over which Mr. Atkins exercises a dual control. o. o.

ASCOT IN MINIATURE.

The Turf is regarded by foreigners as our national sport. Anyone who has seen the crowds round Mr. Frith's famous Derby picture in the National Gallery might be tempted to think likewise. The idea will become still further fixed by the invention of a new game called "Ascot." The racecourse is a smooth surface, preferably a table. At one end there is a wooden box, with a spindle inside it. To these are attached a series of threads that have models of racehorses at the other end. The spindle is turned by a hand and the race begins. It is impossible to foretell which horse will win, the result entirely depending on the exact manner in which each thread winds on to the spindle. Needless to say, the uncertainty of the result makes the game, which is manufactured by Messrs. J. Jaques and Son, Hatton Garden, a very exciting one.

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THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

I have often been asked why the 'Varsities should be so well up in Rugby football and so far behind in the Association game. It is a difficult question; but if we get to the root of it I think it will be found to explain why the south of England generally is so expert in the Rugby game and so novice-like at the dribbling code.

The whole matter resolves itself, I think, into a question of environment. For many years, almost for generations, the Rugby game has flourished at public schools, while the other game has been neglected until recent years. The great public schools are to be found mostly in the vicinity of London and the south and west of England. It is only a few years, too, since the Universities took up the Socker code in earnest, and even now it is rather looked down upon by those in high places. When the Association game began to make its way in the south of England it was not taken up in any systematic way, and, instead of the players going in for combination, they trusted to their speed and dribbling pretty much as in the Rugby game. Association games in the south, therefore, made a bad start. They tried to fashion the Association game on a Rugby model, and that is probably the reason why south of England football to-day is played upon the kick and rush system rather than upon short passing and combination. Even now south of England players in speed and individual brilliancy are ahead of their northern and Scottish rivals, but it is because of these very qualities I have just mentioned that they do not play the game so well. Scotchmen and northern footballers—I am now speaking generally—possessing neither the speed nor the physique of those of the south,

had to cast about for some other plan of encompassing their ends. Their defects have in a manner been their salvation. Not being individually brilliant, they found that a perfect understanding between each other—that is to say, combination—brought about better results than any amount of brilliant individual play. In a word, brains had become a large factor in the playing of the game, and what is known as science stepped in to neutralise mere physical advantages. By this I by no means wish to infer that northern footballers have better brains than southerners, but I do mean to say that they use their brains in their play rather than their heels, and that southerners, being clever with their heels, have not studied the game as they ought.

Nearly the whole of the southern clubs have copied the style of old schoolboy teams, and for this reason chiefly they are considerably behind their northern rivals in the science of the game. Two schools, however, have done a good deal for the Association game in the south. I refer to Charterhouse and Westminster. A few years ago the Old Carthusians were among the very best teams in the country, and even now, could they play their full strength, they could probably place a team in the field equal to that of an average League club. It is doubtful if two better backs than the brothers A. M. and P. M. Walters ever took the field; but even they frankly confess that they learned much from playing so often against the professionals of the north.

I have seen both the 'Varsity Socker teams perform this year, and though the results would seem to prove that Cambridge is as strong, if not stronger, than Oxford, I am convinced that the Dark Blues know the game and play it better than the Cantabs. It is true that Oxford only played a drawn game with London Caledonians, while Cambridge beat the London Scots by three to love; but collateral form of this kind is very misleading. Cambridge are not by any means a weak team, as most of us imagined they would be, but I don't think they are within a goal or two of the Dark Blues.

One of the strangest results of the Cup Competitions was the defeat of the Old Westminsters by Luton Town. The latter club is one of the only two professional organisations in the south of England. Up till the time of meeting the Old Westminsters they had fared rather badly, even against southern clubs. No one thought they had a ghost of a chance against the Old Boys, and so far as pressing was concerned they did very little of it; but the Luton lads managed to score once themselves, while by carefully watching their opponents they prevented them from getting a goal. The Old Westminsters have two very good forwards—Internationals, in fact—in Veitch and Sandilands. One or two men were told off to watch these players—that is, to shadow them, hustle them, bustle them, and prevent them playing their game. This is not a very pleasant or sportsmanlike method to adopt, but those who enter for cups must needs take what they get and grumble not. Veitch and Sandilands were in a sense completely bottled up, and the other forwards could not shoot for nuts, as it is phrased colloquially.

Next Saturday London will meet the combined 'Varsities, probably at Leyton or Queen's Club. This match, although interesting in its way,

rarely sets the Thames on fire. As a rule, the 'Varsities show up prominently in this fixture, and, from what I can see, there is not much to prevent them beating the London team that has been chosen for this occasion.

I can't remember a time when the League Championship, after having run half its course, showed a more open aspect than it does at present. The only teams that have held it are Preston North End twice, Everton once, and Sunderland, the present champions, twice. At the moment Aston Villa are leading, but even now there are two or three other clubs who are relatively in as good or even a better position. These are Burnley, West Bromwich Albion, and Blackburn Rovers. Sheffield United has lately been very disappointing, but they are not by any means done with. Sunderland, to the great delight of those who love a scientific game, are slowly but surely creeping up the League ladder, and, judging from the way they have come on towards the end of past season, they are not at all unlikely to make a strong, bold bid to retain premier honours. Even Preston North End are not out of the running; but none of the other teams, as far as I can see, have a ten to one chance. Aston Villa are asked to do a very difficult thing when they endeavour to beat the Wanderers at Bolton. Blackburn Rovers at home should extract a couple of points from Burnley; Derby County should beat Darwen, who are at the bottom of the list; Sunderland should have an easy task in disposing of Newton Heath; but the other matches will see close and keen struggles. These are Wolverhampton Wanderers v. Everton, Notts Forest v. Sheffield United, West Bromwich v. Preston North End, and Sheffield Wednesday v. Stoke.

The overwhelming defeat of Lancashire by Cheshire has taken the Rugby world by surprise. In former years Lancashire have been the *bête noire* of Cheshire, but the way the Lancastrians went down before Cheshire suggests something like plain sailing for Yorkshire, except, indeed, the cheese county turn round and mete out to the Tykes what they gave to Lancashire.

To-morrow we will see what Cheshire can do against Westmoreland, and on Saturday a couple of important county matches will be played. These are between Lancashire and Cumberland and Yorkshire v. Northumberland. I have little hope of Lancashire being able to retrieve their fallen fortunes on the Cumberland ground, and Yorkshire may have quite enough to do to hold their own at Newcastle. To-day the Midland counties will very likely beat the rather weak team which Middlesex is sending to Moseley. I am afraid that Middlesex will not be runners-up for the County Championship this season.

The great fight between London Scottish and Blackheath is now a thing of the past. Once more the prophets were a little bit out of it, for, though the game ended in a draw of one try each, Blackheath were often far more dangerous than their opponents. The old maxim that the best backs in the world behind beaten forwards cannot win a match was once more exemplified, but we also learned that even behind beaten forwards a quartet of strong three-quarters may save a match, and this is just what the London Scottish defenders did. As a matter of fact, the Blackheath forwards—bigger, heavier, and stronger—fairly swept the Scotch scrummagers off their feet, and it speaks volumes for the men behind the scrum that they only allowed Blackheath to score once. The Blackheath three-quarters played a better game than they have done this season, and Latter, who scored the try, was the pick of the quartet. De Winton showed all his old skill at half-back, and W. B. Thompson was as safe as a house at back. Although individually very clever, the Heathen quartet were not to be compared in science and combination with the Scottish four. When the ball got among the Scottish backs the spectators were treated to some of the most brilliant passing and running ever seen on a football field. The return match between these clubs next January should be well worth seeing.

CYCLING.

That old time-honoured institution, the Stanley Cycle Show, will open its doors to the public at the Agricultural Hall, London, next Friday. No doubt, the show will be as big and as popular as ever, for those who mount the wheel are generally enthusiasts in the newest pattern of frame and the newest invention in tyres. I don't think there is anything of unique importance to be shown this year. The air wheels, in which some people saw a possible revolution in cycle-making last season, appear to have vanished from the face of the earth like a whiff of smoke. I hear good accounts of a pneumatic hub; but it is no use theorising about matters of this sort. In cycling, as in other things, an ounce of practice is—of hard riding—worth a ton of theory.

Of course there are more records to be noted. F. T. Bowen, on a triecyle, commenced record breaking at Herne Hill at two miles, which were covered in 5 min. 11 4-5 sec. He also snatched the three miles record, but dropped off again until he reached twenty-three miles, when he got inside the world's record, his time being 1 hr. 1 min. 39 2-5 sec. He covered 22 miles 640 yards within the hour, and his time for the twenty-five miles was 1 hr. 7 min. 6 3-5 sec.

A. R. Child and A. M. Todd, members of the North Road Club, rode 100 miles on a tandem safety in 5 hrs. 16 min. 24 sec. This is another record, and the performance is all the greater when it is remembered that it was over a home-and-home course.—OLYMPIAN.



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HORS D'ŒUVRES.

What a strange, mysterious, enchanting spectacle is that of the Lights of London! Not, I need hardly say, as regarded by the traditional countryman come to seek his fortune, who pauses as he tops the brow of a hill and looks on the glare of the Great City. No; at that distance all is a blur; nor, if it were otherwise, would the rustic distinguish light from light, the silvery arc-lamp from the yellow gas-jet. But London as a City of Lights is best seen from the top of an omnibus or tram-car. I prefer a tram-car myself, as leaving one more leisure and freedom from disturbance. The shaking is far less than on an omnibus, where writing is well-nigh impossible—so difficult, indeed, that the omnibus conductors of the past, ere tickets were used, sometimes failed to record all the fares of the journeys. But I am told that if tram-cars favour meditation omnibuses are better for the liver.

To one perched on the giddy eminence of the garden-seat, and progressing majestically along the streets, fresh combinations of lights offer themselves every few yards. A street opens out, with its double line of lamps climbing a straight slope, or curving round gracefully into mystery. Then comes the jewelled splendour of the chemist's shop, or the tawdry blaze of the public-house, or the light of a shop window. Two big golden eyes are an approaching hansom; two little red eyes show how it recedes. Omnibuses proclaim their destination sometimes, and tram-cars almost invariably, by the colour of the pane through which the light of their lamp is seen. It is a pleasing device, which only needs a slight exercise of imagination to make all manner of thoughts. The mere sight of a blue or red lamp advancing will conjure up visions of Hampstead Heath, of Camden Town, dreams of the Angel that sits at the meeting of the ways. Then, again, when one's airy seat glides high above a railway line, how interesting—as Hilda Wangel would say, “how thrilling”—to speculate on the whence and whither of the train that rushes under, with its cloud of steam lined beneath by the fierce gold of the furnace, and the long line of lighted windows following. Then, far out at the junction, a galaxy of lights, green, red, yellow, proclaim a station and its signals, looking as if the stars of a falling rocket had been fixed as they drifted downwards.

They who go out of the town in hansoms know not of the mysteries and beauties of London nights, but go home quicker, perhaps, yet with purse and mind poorer than those of the tramway philosopher. And they who prefer the suburban railways fall between two stools. For the most part, they see nothing of the vision of London—less even than the hansom-borne traveller—and while, as a rule, they arrive more swiftly than the tramway passengers, and about as swiftly as a hansom cab, they cannot be sure of arriving anywhere within an hour of their time. When a fog comes down on London in November, with its weight of chill darkness, suburban traffic is chaos—a mass of blind trains screaming to each other through the thick gloom, and making a bombardment of fog-signals as they grope through the labyrinth of rails. Minute by minute goes by in the mephitic caverns of tunnels, or the hardly less mephitic night of the outer air; minutes lengthen to quarters and to hours, and the train still waits outside its desired haven, with passengers freezing on their seats. Meanwhile, the humble tram-car is crawling, “without haste, without rest,” towards its goal.

The newspaper world has been busied with Sultans of late. Hardly had one potentate—he of Turkey—exercised his supremacy to change a supposed theatrical caricature of one of his ancestors into an innocuous, if unmeaning, development of Jabez Spencer, than another less eminent Sultan proved himself superior to English law as the Grand Seignior to the lawlessness of English burlesque. The loves of the Sultan of Johore, under the transparent *incognito* of Mr. Baker, were hardly poetical or romantic; but the question of breach of promise of marriage aroused all the higher subtleties of the law. Was Johore a sovereign state or a half-sovereign state, and, if the latter, was its ruler amenable to English law? The question was decided in the negative, and Johore breathes again. So does the Strand, which had lived in dread—for a day—of seeing a Turkish fleet anchored off Somerset House, and involving in the ruin of the guilty Gaiety the restaurant and the palatial premises of the *Morning Post*.

It is fortunate that the Sultan of Morocco has no permanent embassy in London, else would a diplomatic incident arise on each Christmas, seeing that Dick Whittington is safe to appear at some English theatre during the festive season, and to treat the rat-ridden potentate of Morocco with scant respect. The number of pantomime subjects is not so great that any diminution of them could be regarded as a trifling loss. It would be indeed hard if our proper reverence for his Shereefian Majesty were to rob us of our Dick. Who would take his place?

Indeed, the paucity of subjects in pantomime is becoming very serious. We ring the changes on “Robinson Crusoe,” “Aladdin,” “Dick Whittington,” and a few of the better-known fairy tales, such as “Cinderella,” “Puss in Boots,” and one or two more. These stories even are subordinated to the gorgeous effects that are *de rigueur* on the modern stage. Too often a batch of music-hall “artistes” is turned loose in the interstices of the various pageants, and these important personages do after their kind. Will anyone have the courage to try a subject, if not unused, at least comparatively fresh? The “Arabian Nights” are not yet exhausted. The story of Nouraddin and the Beautiful Persian would make a pretty foundation for an idyllic musical play; nor would pageants be lacking. How, too, about Ahmed and his fairy? What scenic effects could be got from the magic tube and carpet, to begin with, and then from the march of shining armies into the magically expanding tent? Then there are fairy tales as yet untouched in Grimm's delightful collection, or the prismatic collection of fairy books edited by Mr. Andrew Lang. Will nobody lift pantomime out of the ruts where it is being mired up with music-hall items? Will no one dare to set his fortune on the cast, and dare to be original otherwise than in stage carpentry? MARMITON.

NOTES FROM THE CONCERT ROOM.

Music at
Milan.

Here is a facsimile of the invitation which that public-spirited supporter of music, Signor Sonzogno, issued for the first production of Leoncavallo's opera “I Medici.” Judging from telegraphed reports, the work, which was given before a distinguished audience at Milan on Thursday night, made a very favourable impression. I daresay we shall have an opportunity of hearing the opera in England, as Sir Augustus Harris has been visiting Italy on business intent.



The Popular
Concerts.

Lady Hallé has once more returned to her numerous admirers at the Popular Concerts, and received a very warm greeting on the 6th. The programme commenced with Beethoven's quartet in E minor, popularly known as the Rasounowski Quartet, played by her ladyship and Messrs. Ries, Gibson, and Becker. I have heard it to better advantage, the third movement being slightly slurred. Miss Damian displayed her fine voice, but not her best style, in Handel's air, “Lascia ch'io pianga.” I am so fond of this singer's voice that I would wish she had, with experience, improved in the manner of its production. Then came the feature of the concert, Mr. Leonard Borwick's beautiful rendering of Chopin's sonata in B flat minor, which introduces so unexpectedly the solemn notes of the funeral march, rising into hopeful strains illustrative of the resurrection. Dvorák's Adagio from concerto for violin alone was Lady Hallé's solo, for which she was recalled. The audience, though large, was robbed of many of its *habitués* by reason of the banquet “in honour of Music” at the Mansion House, where, I hear, the dinner was better than the speeches. Madame Patey was accorded the compliment of being placed on the right-hand side of the Lord Mayor. LUTE.

A VISIT TO CONSTANTINOPLE—IN LONDON.

On arriving at Olympia, where I had gone to see how "Constantinople" was progressing, my card was taken to a tall, dark, genial-looking gentleman, who introduced himself as "Mr. Lyons, or all that is left of him." After I had seen the vastness of the undertaking, I could well

were they not plaster of Paris. A little farther on there is a small window just open, with a young lady peeping out, who, if she does not withdraw her head before the public gaze is fastened on her, will doubtless have a bowstring slipped round her neck and cast into the new "Bosphorus," late "Lagoon."

Things are shaping themselves very rapidly, but, from the skeletons of mosques, bridges, and arches, one can realise that those 700 hands will have their work cut out to have the place ready by Bank Holiday, when it is announced to open; but with such a leader as Mr. Lyons they should do it. The amount of money being spent is simply enormous, and when one considers all the various shows that will be on view, including a reserved seat, and all for one shilling, it will certainly be pronounced best and cheapest on earth.

SCRAPBOOKS.

Have any of your readers (writes the author of "Britta") considered the subject of scrapbook-making from a serious point of view? There are potentialities—what a deal of meaning there is in a polysyllabic word!—about it which render it one of the most engrossing and most useful pursuits in the world. I don't mean the scrapbooks dear to children and maiden ladies of a "gathering" turn of mind—full, in the one case, of Christmas cards, and in the other of cuttings from the weekly "illustrateds." What I refer to is such a scrapbook as an intelligent man or woman should not be ashamed to keep, and to hand down to his children as a record of himself, of his times, of his work, and of his surroundings. Such a scrapbook I have kept for years, and it constitutes one of my most valued treasures. It numbers many volumes already; I hope it will number many more before I am forced to lay it aside. As for its contents, they are as varied as my tastes. Everything of a pictorial character in which I have taken an interest finds a place within its boards. Photographs, autographs, water-colour sketches, caricatures, prints, etchings, engravings—things that I have picked up on my travels, things that I have got from friends, things that have come across me in my daily walks and work, things new and things old, things odd and things rare (as many of this last as possible), my scrapbook welcomes them all. I draw the line at engravings or woodcuts taken from the papers, but, with this exception, my rule for collecting is "Everything that is not good enough to frame, and too good to throw away." I must not presume too much on your space, but let me just point out that by following this rule I have formed (1) an illustrated record of my own life, for my scrapbook reflects myself in all my moods, grave or gay, sober or foolish; (2) a record of the times in which I live, and the people with whom I have been brought into contact, and (3) a museum of curios which I never tire of examining, and which, among a good deal of trash, I daresay, is to be found now and again a treasure of great price. My collection is very valuable to me, but how much greater will be its value after I'm dead and forgotten. And if every family were to have its scrapbook—and why shouldn't it?—family chests would be a thousand times more valuable and ten thousand times more entertaining than they are to-day. Much, of course, depends upon the style of mounting, binding, &c., adopted. My volumes are bound in strong half-calf, the pages are made of stout cardboard, and the size, selected after careful excogitation, is 14 in. by 10 in. As everything is done by co-operative association nowadays, if anyone wishes to found a Scrapbook Guild, or a Society for the Propagation of Family Scrapbooks, I hope he will have the courtesy to enrol me as a member.



MAKING READY.

understand that he must be well-nigh worked to death. However, he kindly volunteered to show me round, which offer I gladly accepted. We started with the gallery, and here a veritable city of streets is being built up—Eastern bazaars, balconies from which will hang carpets, &c., and hundreds of arches, all of different architecture. Everything is being cast. Bricks will not be represented by painted canvas, but, apparently, casts have been taken of the whole front of houses, and every brick will be perfect in detail. To such a perfection is this detail being carried that beams of old houses are made to look decayed and worm-eaten, and all this naturally gives everything a wonderful and delightful appearance of reality. We then came to a long vista of arches, innumerable stalls on one side, which will each be perfect in every respect, and here Greeks, Turks, and all the cosmopolitan population to be found in Constantinople will be represented.

Downstairs, there is, of course, the stage of gigantic proportions, the length of which is 350 ft.; here the great spectacle which is to "lick creation" will take place. In front of this is the water, as in "Venice," which will change its name from "The Great Lagoon" to "The Bosphorus." All this space is now being leaded to receive the water, and on this and all round about, under bridges, by vessels complete in rigging and sails, will visitors be taken about in caiques.

The tremendous amount of casting has been done on the premises, and over 700 hands are at work, and the din of the carpenters' "ammer, ammer, ammer," is truly awful. The rough painting is being done by men, but for all the intricate decoration, moulding, Turkish inscriptions, and such like a staff of women has been engaged. Some of them are in artistic attire, and, mounted on ladders and stages, paint all day long. I went in one of the stalls they were engaged on, and was saluted by the cry, "Is that you, Arthur?" But, as my name is not Arthur, I meekly murmured "No." Soon, however, Arthur came in, and announced "tea," and with a little squeal of delight they all scrambled down, and one, with her most wheedling manner, asked Arthur to get her "a wee bit of bread-and-butter," and with such a winning smile that poor Arthur capitulated at once and went after that wee bit of bread-and-butter without a murmur.

I then found myself in another street, and here I spent my time dodging the paint that occasionally fell from overhead and looking at more arches and balconies. From one balcony there is a stern old Turk staring down with a portentous frown on the throng which at present is not there, while over his head doves bill and coo, or, rather, would do so



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RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

"TO-DAY."

It is surprising how few successful light-weight jockeys there are riding this year. If we except Bradford and S. Chandley, none of the 6 st. division has done any great deed. As is well known, young Tom Jennings boasted that Bradford was the most profitable "horse" in his stable, and the "Young Governor" must have netted thousands of pounds by the lad's continual successes. But Mr. Jennings had to teach Bradford his trade. He had to find him mounts when he first appeared in public, and when the lad could not be expected to compete successfully against the old hands, so that Bradford's master deserves all he has got out of the speculation. But why do not other trainers go and do likewise? Take the Kingsclere stable: John Porter never tutors a useful apprentice to riding with any marked success. I am surprised at this, as a tutoring light-weight would be of great service to the Kingsclere establishment in the matter of trials alone.

Owners come and go on the Turf. We seldom see horses running for Lord Lurgan or Sir George Chetwynd nowadays. Mr. Lambert, who won the Cesarewitch with Don Juan, patronises the sport of kings very lightly at the present time, and Mr. Walter Blake, the well-known pigeon shot, who owned that good horse Exmoor and many others, very rarely runs a thoroughbred now. Then, again, Arthur Cooper and Johnny O'Neill, who won the Cambridgeshire with Sailor Prince and the Lincoln Handicap with The Rejected, are apparently tired of owning horses. Lord Rodney has all but retired from the Turf, as has Mr. C. D. Rose and Lord Rosslyn. Of the new comers, Lord Derby, Mr. William Johnstone, Mr. Smith-Rylands, Lord Radnor, Mr. C. White, Mr. Punch, Mr. Brassey, Mrs. Langtry, Lord Stanley, and Mr. C. Morbey are the best known, but we have yet to find somebody to fill the gap caused by the death of Mr. Abington.

Weighing takes up too much valuable time at big race meetings. True, Mr. Manning is an efficient Clerk of the Scales, but the old methods are a great drawback to him. I propose that at meetings like Derby, Newmarket, Epsom, and Ascot, where the fields are large, there should be, say, half-a-dozen automatic weighing-machines. The jockeys could stand on the respective platforms, saddles in hand, and place the penny in the slot themselves, while Mr. Manning was checking the weights. By this means the jockeys could be polished off six at a time, and racing would very rarely be late, whatever the delays were at the starting-post. I commend the novelty to the stewards of the Jockey Club, who are evidently intent on moving with the times just now. The cost would be trifling, but the advantages may prove invaluable.

Bookmakers have had a disastrous time of late. They complain that the noble army of "old sports," who years ago backed their fancies regardless of tipsters, trials, or jockeys, is extinct, and now the professional backers rule the market, as their lead is followed by all the little punters in the ring. As a result of the new method, it is only possible to lay two, or, at most, three, horses in a race to a large amount of money, and "information" is so correct in these days that the sharp backers seldom fail in their attempt to find the ultimate winner in three guesses. The consequence is that the layer finds it impossible to round his book. I have been talking to some of our largest bookmakers of late, who tell me that the ring is approaching a crisis; and things must in truth be turned topsy-turvy when we find several big bookmakers stand down and turn backers for the time being.

It is very gratifying to see so many entries for steeple-chases, and good judges think we are in for a busy season. Of course, a great deal will depend upon the weather. Should we get an open winter, the fixture list will be run through with regularity; but should hard frost intervene, the pruning knife must then be used unsparingly to prevent the clashing which proved so disastrous to many fixtures last year. As steeple-chase horses can now be handicapped down to 9 st. 7 lb., many animals that are of good plating class will be put to jumping. I hope my old suggestion that hunters' flat races be turned into handicaps, and that professionals be allowed to ride, will be adopted, in which case racing would hum the year round. I think the little riding difficulty might be got over if jockeys were made to put up, say, 7 lb. extra. What an opening this would be for Fred Webb, J. Watts, and R. Chaloner!

T. Loates will easily head the list of winning jockeys in 1893, and he deserves the greatest credit for the consistent form he has shown this year. At the same time, the laurels belong to John Watts, whose average is the best one. It must, however, be noted that Loates has a couple of retainers, and, therefore, is called upon to ride the bad horses as well as the good ones trained by Jewitt and Hayhoe, whereas Watts has practically a free hand, and in almost every case where a mount is given him the horse is looked upon as having a chance second to none. Of our light-weights, it is a case of Bradford first and the rest nowhere, so far as the south is concerned. In the north, however, Seth Chandley worthily upholds the honours of his profession.

Pneumatic tubes are being extensively used in connection with the dissemination of racing news, and are rapidly superseding the cumbrous method of sending messages by hand from the paddock to the telegraph office. The Kempton Park authorities ought to take a hint from Manchester at the earliest opportunity.

MR. JEROME AND HIS NEW PAPER.

It requires an excuse as important as a mission from *The Sketch* to gain admission to Mr. Jerome as he sits in his pleasant little sanctum in Arundel Street, W.C., in the throes of bringing out his new weekly paper, *To-Day*. The offices occupy three floors of Howard House, the basement being devoted to the publishing. With Mr. Jerome's personal appearance nearly all London is familiar; he is a well-built, active-looking man, of medium height, with light auburn hair and moustache.

With him I came to the point at once.

"With so many weeklies already in the field, Mr. Jerome, you, of course, have some special ideas to work out in starting a new one?"

His answer was exactly what one would have expected from a man who has been through the whole life of Bohemia, and still has all its gaieties open to him, but enjoys nothing so much as a quiet day at home with his wife and his children and his animals.

"My idea is to found a periodical that shall, as nearly as possible, meet the requirements of the average man and woman of the great middle class, on an entirely novel basis. To do this, I am putting it into the form of a magazine-journal. My own experience in magazine editing has been an enviable one, but, with the exception of the *Idler* and the *Strand* and a few others, I do not think that magazines, as distinct from reviews, appeal to the public much now. They are too slow. Coming out only once a month, they have to keep matter so long before using it that it loses its 'catch,' and, anyhow, people nowadays want something a little more topical than a bundle of short stories and literary articles."

"Is your idea, then, something like a Sunday newspaper in America? They are beginning to compete seriously with magazines over there. Theodore Child had a travel article in *Harper's Monthly*, and almost simultaneously the New York *Sunday Herald* brought out just such another article by the same author, the only difference being that the newspaper used its article directly it was bought and the magazine let it mature."

"Well, I don't want it to be exactly like an American Sunday paper, though they have many good points, which I shall remember. My idea is to let *To-Day* have two sides, a magazine side and a journalistic side. *Harper's Magazine* has something of the kind, but its editorial matter is too academical. The average man likes his journalistic matter to be up to date. I shall give him notes on current events, written chiefly by myself, with the assistance of Mr. Barry Pain and others, and art, literature, the drama, &c., treated as they have never been treated before, and with a freshness and originality that will make these usually skipped pages read with as much interest as any other part of the journal. For feminine affairs, such as the fashions, cookery, and household matters in general, I have secured the very best writer in London, and I shall introduce a new feature into the four columns more particularly addressed to men by including fashions as well as club gossip and sport. There will be a children's page, and Parliament will be treated from a new standpoint—the personality and individuality of its members. They will appear as talked about by their acquaintances in the House, not as the distant figures they are generally presented to the public."

"I suppose I need not ask you, Mr. Jerome, if the new paper will contain humour?"

"Of course; humour and interesting anecdotes will be sifted right through the paper, and we shall have interviews and short talks with politicians, authors, artists, actors, and public men generally."

"These interviews make a good link between your journalistic and your magazine features?"

"Exactly so. I am paying great attention to the magazine features. I am buying the very best fiction that comes into the market. We lead off with a capital story by Stevenson, to be followed by one from Conan Doyle or Zangwill. Zangwill is hard at work on a novel for us by which he is willing to stand or fall. And coming after a big first success it is obvious that his second important work may make or mar him. Then I have secured stories from Rudyard Kipling, Bret Harte, Clark Russell, Miss Braddon, Grant Allen, Barry Pain, Morley Roberts, and another of the first importance that I am not at liberty to mention just yet. To each of the first quarter's numbers I shall myself contribute a story or article."

"You seem to have hit upon a very comprehensive and attractive programme?"

"I am trying for something more than that. I wish to aim at a real and useful influence, and for this I am ready to use all the weapons of wit, sarcasm, humour, fancy, plain-speaking, and, if necessary, abuse; but I would have those who are writing for my paper remember that we are fighting a real battle, not indulging in a mere display of skill. I wish them to avoid bias, and that what they write should represent the opinion of the plain man, and that, having due respect, of course, to the subject being a topic of the day, the writer's views and opinions of the subject should be the *raison d'être*, not the subject itself. Speaking generally, we shall attack humbug of all sorts, and strive to advance humanity in its broadest sense. Above all things, I wish common-sense to be the backbone of my paper."

The first number of *To-Day* having now made its appearance, the public, who have always shown their interest in anything written by Mr. Jerome, have had an opportunity of judging the lines on which his new venture is compiled. It will remain to be seen if a "twopenny" public exists, and the experiment will be watched with curiosity.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

I have yet to make the acquaintance of the woman who could pass a mirror or glass—be it ever so small or inconveniently placed—without craning her neck and twisting her head to get a peep into it, and as for myself I must acknowledge that I am no exception to the general rule.



A NEW HAT.

So it came to pass that when taking my walks abroad in Regent Street on one of the coldest and brightest days of last week I became painfully conscious, after one or two of these surreptitious visions of my own reflection, that my hat was much too summer-like to be in keeping with the weather. Having arrived at the determination that I needed a new head-covering badly just at the moment when I was passing Mrs. Farey's all too attractive windows at 231, Regent Street, the combination of circumstances proved too strong for me, so I passed inside, and for the next hour enjoyed the delights of making up my mind one moment and changing it the next. But my weak indecision bore some good fruits, for through it I have got some information which may be of use to those of you who, like myself, are on the look-out for a smart new hat.

What do you think, then, of the one I have had sketched for you? It is of tan-coloured felt, the boat-shaped brim bound with narrow black



THE "YOHÉ" TOQUE.

braid, and the draped crown of turquoise-blue velvet, bordered with a narrow edging of curled black feather trimming, while in front it is caught in with a large steel buckle. At the left side are two upstanding black ostrich tips, and under the brim another tip droops prettily on to the hair. The shape of this hat would prove becoming to most people, I am sure, and the velvet crown can be made in any desired colour, scarlet looking particularly well in combination with the tan or black velvet, and being, of course, very smart and serviceable. I wonder if you will be as astonished when you hear the price as I was. Fancy, it is only twenty-five shillings.

The dainty little toque which, quite on my own account, I have called the "Yohé" is another bargain, for it is sold at the same price as the hat. It has a crown of black silk beaver, edged with folds and puffings of leaf-green velvet arranged in a particularly pretty and effective way, and caught here and there with steel rings, while at the back is a high black-tufted aigrette. The popularity of the toque is at its zenith just now, so it is a good thing to know of one which is so smart and novel, and at the same time so cheap.

And now for the lovely set, consisting of toque, pelerine, and muff, which I have also had sketched for you. Even in a drawing it looks lovely, but it was far more attractive in reality, as the colouring was so



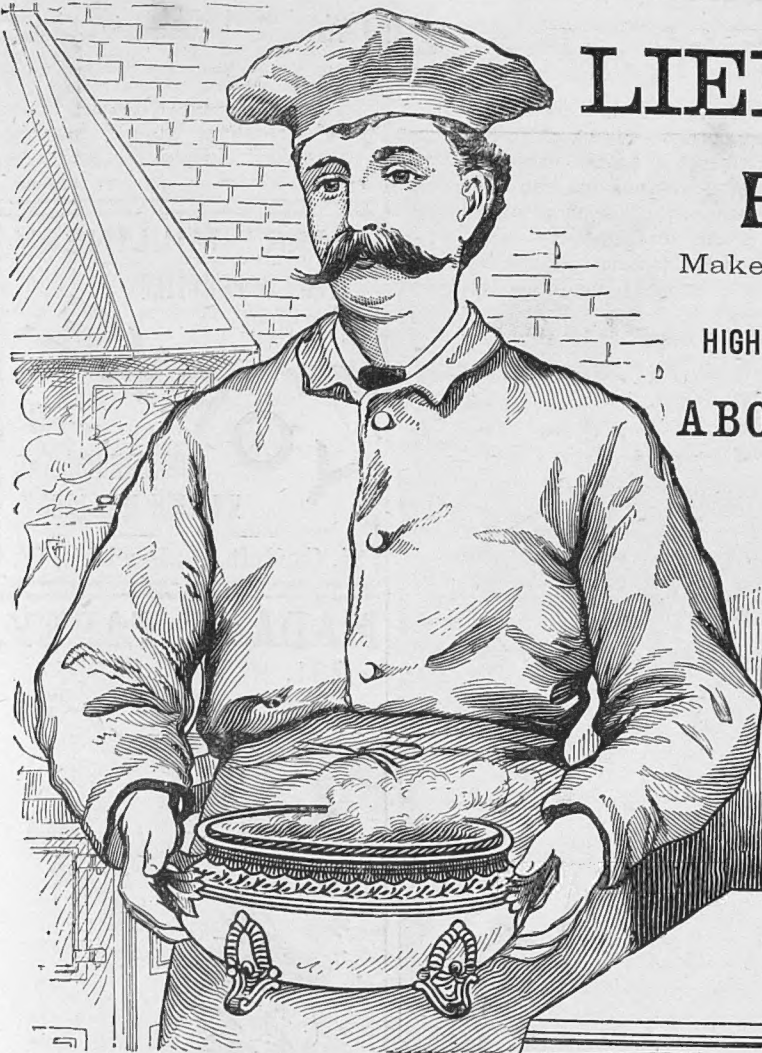
SMART TOQUE, PELERINE, AND MUFF.

beautiful, the material used being velvet in a perfect shade of emerald-green, with trimmings of sable. The toque is in a very pretty and becoming shape, and has a little sable head peeping out of the folds in front, and the pelerine, which is very full over the shoulders, is bordered with sable tails, the crossed ends being finished off with a sable head, and the collar being formed of a complete sable skin. The muff, which is very quaint and pretty, is quite small, and is also edged and trimmed with sable tails, the head peering out in front. It is a beautiful set, and I must say that I envy the woman who is fortunate enough to become its possessor.

But for novelty and dainty prettiness I think I must award the prize to the new "Fairy" bandeau, which will, if I am any judge at all, be in enormous demand during the season, for nothing could give a prettier finish to a ball or theatre toilette. It is made of fancy gold gimp, which forms a twist in front, while at each side is a little bunch of violets. I do not think that I ever saw anything which caught my fancy so completely, and I should like you to see these new bandeaux for yourselves. They are made with any kind of flower, delicate blush or tea roses being particularly pretty, and the price is quite moderate. Mrs. Farey's new Mercury wings for the hair are also very smart and becoming, and are in every imaginable variety.

And now, though I have got no more sketches for you, I must tell you about some of the other pretty things I saw, and when I have finished I shall not need, I am sure, to advise you to call in at 231, Regent Street.

[Continued on page 157.]



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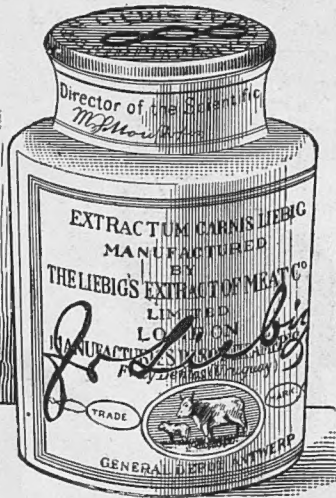
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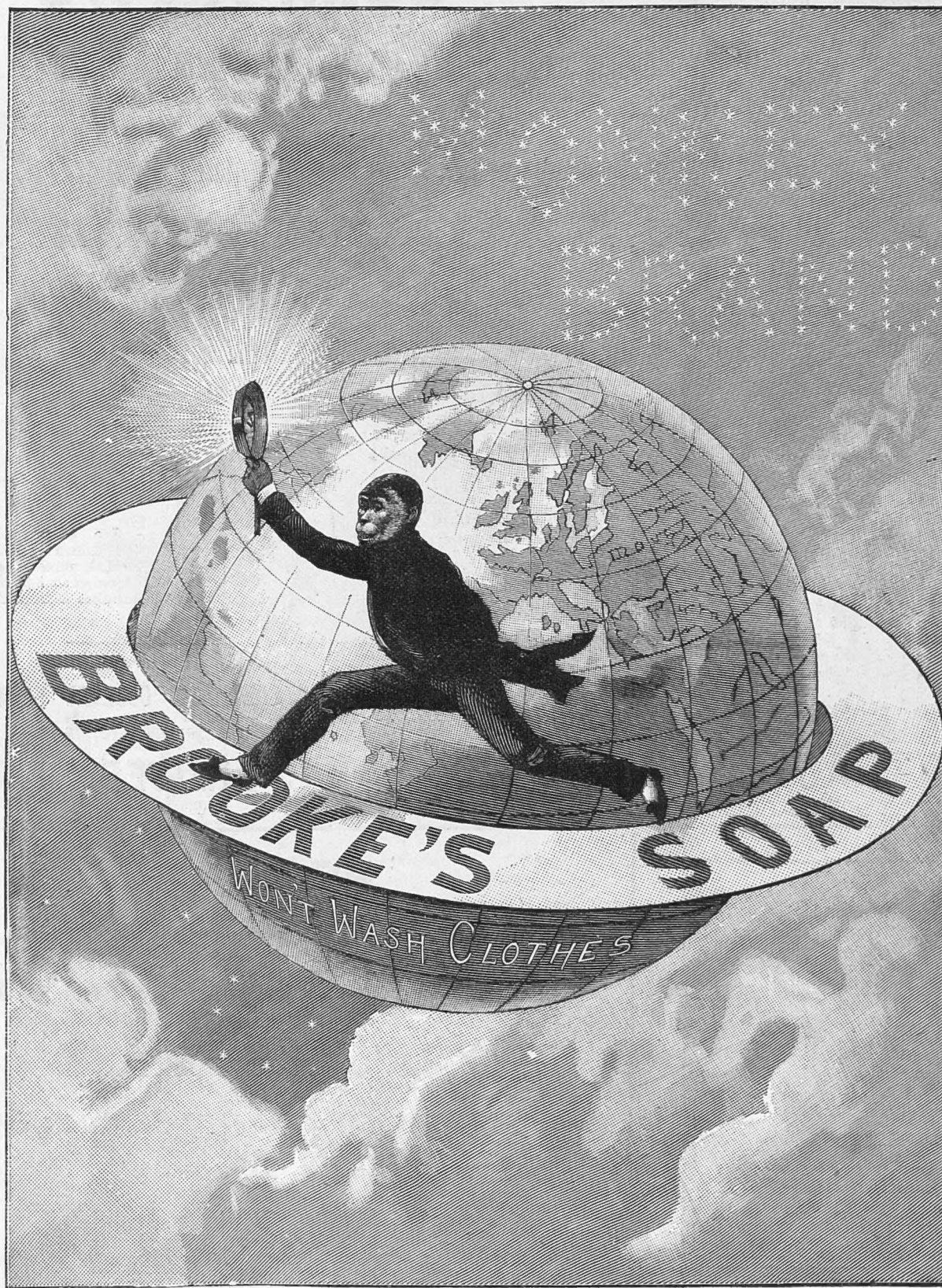
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Exhaustion, Mental Depression, Dyspepsia,
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MORTIMER'S
DYE WORKS
PLYMOUTH

There was, to begin with, a most fascinating little toque of black velvet, the flat crown being edged with a narrow band of Persian lamb, and the puffed brim being finished off in the same way. It was trimmed at the left side with two bows of black satin ribbon and a cluster of violets, another bunch of the same dainty little flowers being placed at the back, at the base of a high black osprey. And with all this, the price was only a guinea.

For the same moderate sum there were two particularly *chic* hats, one of which—called, after me, much to my delight, the “Florence”—being of felt in any colour, the low crown being bordered with full folds of black spotted net, and the trimming consisting of two Mercury wings, which sprang from two satin rosettes. It looked particularly well in tan felt, trimmed with black net, black satin rosettes, and emerald-green wings; but that, of course, is a matter for individual taste. The other hat was of tan-coloured felt with a broad brim and a low crown, surrounded by a narrow border of curled black ostrich feathers, while the trimming consisted of three black ostrich tips and an aigrette very smartly arranged, a rouleau and bow of black satin ribbon being placed under the brim.

There was one very original hat, too, of electric-blue felt, the broad brim trimmed with a row of black silk wire. Round the low crown was a twisted fold of black velvet, caught with a steel buckle, and at the left side were two erect black ostrich tips, the right side being finished off



THE NEW “FAIRY” BANDEAU.

with a sable tail, which curved gracefully along the brim. The combination was distinctly uncommon and very effective. A lovely picture hat of brown felt had a crown of shot geranium-pink velvet, gracefully draped, and forming a bow at the right side, three black ostrich tips being placed at the left side.

So much for the hats; and I have actually left myself with no space for the bonnets, but just one I must tell you about, it was such a dainty production, and so eminently suitable for a youthful bride who wished to acquire something of the dignity of a matron, and look fascinating withal. It was a tiny, coil-shaped thing, of nut-brown velvet, bordered with a band of golden-brown sequins and jet. In front was a butterfly bow of the velvet, from each side of which came a long dagger with a large star-shaped head of cut jet, the effect of the glittering ornament being extremely pretty. The strings were of black satin.

And all this came of seeing myself in a strip or two of glass in a shop-door!

I have just made acquaintance with a most useful little novelty, which should do us all good service during the coming season of balls and other gaieties. I daresay some of you may have heard of it already, for it has created a good deal of comment in feminine circles. I refer to the “Princess” patent flower-shield, which, when placed over the corsage sprays or bouquets with which most of us adorn our evening gowns protects them perfectly, and enables any cloak or wrap to be worn with impunity, for it cannot touch the flowers or harm them in any way. The shields are either nickel or silver-plated, and when not in use can be folded up into such a small compass that they fit easily into the pocket of any opera cloak or wrap. Their adjustment is a wonderfully simple matter, and their use will save so much heart-burning and disappointment, so many losses of flowers, to say nothing of tempers, that I am sure the new flower-shield will be one of the successes of the season. You can get them from any draper, from 1s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. each, and they are certainly a very good investment in every way.

FLORENCE.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

“All is not Gold that Glitters.”

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Nov. 11, 1893.

Discounts remain firm, chiefly on account of the keen demand for gold in the market. Absolute stagnation reigns upon the Stock Exchange, and very few brokers are making enough to pay office expenses. Probably, the large firms who for years have been doing gigantic business, three-quarters of which has been of a speculative character, are the greatest sufferers; but, inasmuch as nearly all brokers depend on something outside pure investment business for profits as distinguished from mere office expenses, if the present state of affairs lasts much longer it is highly probable that in not a few cases some other form of obtaining a livelihood will have to be resorted to. Of all the recognised methods of obtaining a subsistence, there is, probably, none which so unfits those who follow it for the struggle for existence in any other form as stock-broking or stock-jobbing, and we fear that many respectable members of the House will find it very hard work to begin again in some new walk of life.

The market for high-class securities like Consols, Corporation bonds, and Colonial stocks has been firm and in fairly good tone; but the utter failure of the miners and coal-owners to come to terms has exercised a very depressing influence on the Home Railway market, cutting away the last hope of even a substantial portion of the lost ground being made up during the remaining portion of the current half-year.

The Board of Trade returns for the month of October are to some extent encouraging, as far as the general trade of the country is concerned, for, although they show a small falling off compared with the corresponding month of last year, the decrease both in the exports and imports is greatly reduced, and if the improvement is kept up we may fairly hope to see still stronger signs of trade improvement before the end of the year.

The Chesapeake, Ohio, and South-Western deal has been the absorbing theme of conversation in the American market. When we mentioned the matter to you last week it was expected that the details would be public property before now, but the Louisville Board say that it is inadvisable to publish the details, and as a result the financial press has been inventing all sorts of more or less improbable accounts, which are no sooner published than they are denied. The truth is that the more the broad facts are looked at the less the market likes them, and the significant reticence of the principals to the deal helps the general feeling that the purchase, which has now been made at probably a fancy price, could by a little patience have been secured at a far lower rate when the inevitable insolvency had overtaken the Chesapeake Road, besides which the extent of the guarantees and other engagements which the Louisville Company will have to assume is an unknown quantity, and not calculated to inspire additional confidence. Too much need not be made of the Republican successes at the recent State elections, towards which not a few exceptional circumstances have contributed; but it is no use disguising the fact that the results will not smooth the way for the repeal of the oppressive McKinley tariff.

The abrogation of the Sherman Law has hardly influenced the price of silver, so completely was its effect discounted beforehand, and if the legislatures of the world will for a few years refrain from tinkering with the ordinary laws of supply and demand, we do not hesitate to say, dear Sir, that the relative prices of the two precious metals will show a stability which any amount of legislation can never artificially create.

Nothing is more unhealthy and more financially demoralising than the continual excitement caused by the Trust Company revelations, with which we are daily regaled, and the end of which, if all we are told is true, certainly has not yet been reached. The astonishing part of it all is that the directors and brokers whose names are bandied about would not very long ago have been supposed to be above suspicion. Part of the evil deeds of the directors of the Mexican and South American and the Middlesbrough Land Companies have been exposed, but the gross mismanagement by which the Industrial and General Trust shareholders have lost a million of money has hitherto been successfully concealed, and the extraordinary financial arrangements by which it is now generally surmised that the whole of the paid-up capital of the Trustees, Executors, and Securities Insurance Corporation has disappeared is still buried in even deeper mystery. Perhaps the committee of the largest shareholders now sitting may soon throw light upon the subject.

We wish we could hope that we were approaching the end of the revelations in connection with the Winchester House group, but little birds whisper all sorts of things, such as, for instance, supporting the market for trustees' and executors' shares with the company's money, and other like iniquities, of which we fear the truth is not fully known even yet.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

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YOU FIND THEM EVERYWHERE.

A group of old “has-beens,” any one of whom will swear that he had the identical land where the Fair has been located once offered him for a silver watch and thirty dollars.—*World's Fair Puck*.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

SHE: “Father's salary has been doubled.”

HE: “Good! We can afford to get married now.”—*Life*.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

The Government are through with the first, albeit the lightest, portion of their task in regard to the Parish Councils. The Bill has been read a second time without a dissenting voice, and now comes the struggle in Committee. Perhaps, the most striking feature about the whole debate has been the disappearance of the old Toryism. I say disappearance; but, for all that, there has been "a voice crying in the wilderness," which somehow reminded one of the good old notes of good old rustic speech that one used to hear in the good old days of Mr. Henley and Mr. Newdegate. Mr. Henley was once reported as saying about Radical Reform, which he resented, "If no one else opposes this Bill I shall lie on my back and cry 'Fudge!'" "Fudge" was the note of a curious little speech by Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen. Mr. Hugessen is a younger brother of the late Lord Brabourne, to whom he bears a striking physical resemblance; but while Lord Brabourne had a youth of wild Whiggism, his brother, for aught I know, was never anything else than a high-and-dry Tory. Physically, however, the suggestion of the square-faced, hard-set, dogged-looking man, who used to sit now and then after he was made a peer in the Peers' Gallery, was wonderful. Imagine an obstinate face of the ruddy, countrified type, nut-cracker jaws, a stubbly beard, small thin legs planted firmly on rather a round body—a suggestion, withal, of the country-house farmyard, the squire of thirty years ago. Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen would have nothing to do with the Bill; it would bring "red ruin" on peaceful England; the new councils would be filled with jobbers and busybodies; corruption, maladministration would follow in its track; the country ought by this time to have had enough of these popular bodies, and he for one would never vote for another. He deplored the Tory weakness in surrendering, declared that Mr. Ritchie's Local Government Act was as bad as the Ballot Act, and spoke, indeed, the good, honest, unenlightened, truculent note of the irreconcilable and unteachable country gentleman. The House laughed consumedly, it was all so novel, so frightfully out of date.

MR. ASQUITH'S BILL.

The second great task of the Government during the dark, flying hours of the year is the Employers' Liability Bill. Mr. Asquith has a hard road to home. The Bill is a strong one, the largest Employers' Liability Bill that ever has been proposed, and one of its leading clauses has developed a regular "cave" of Liberal employers and friends of the London and North-Western Railway. These have been led by Mr. Walter M'Laren, the member for Crewe, a mild-faced gentleman, with an affection for women's rights. The London and North-Western have big insurance funds, to which they contribute over £20,000 a year, and, though the Bill not only does not destroy it, but actually makes provision for it, the directors, in a pet, have resolved to stop their contributions if the Bill goes through in its present form. This, therefore, has been the cock-pit of the Employers' v. Workmen's Battle which has been raging in the lobbies and on the floor of the House. In argument the Government unquestionably scored; Mr. Asquith's reply to the Liberal objectors was a model of the advocate's skill. I always think that Mr. Asquith resembles Mr. Chamberlain in more than one particular; he has the same clear, hard, perfect delivery and precise style; his facts are drilled like a company of soldiers, and they march backwards and forwards with a precision that is a pure delight. The speech was not, perhaps, a complete argumentative reply, but it was a wonderful bit of advocacy and logic.

AFRICAN TROUBLES.

Meanwhile, the larger imperial and national troubles have loomed out behind the neatly mapped-out programme of the autumn session. Matabele Land has been the most awkward of these from the Ministerial point of view; the debate on the adjournment, moved by Mr. Labouchere, has disclosed a very awkward breach between average Radical sentiment and the policy into which Mr. Gladstone's Government has been half led, half driven. Behind Lord Ripon and Mr. Buxton stands the masterful figure of Mr. Rhodes, cajoling and driving in turns. The pressure has finally driven Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues completely under the heel of the African Colossus. The policy was revealed in the uncompromising speeches of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Buxton, endorsing the Company's policy, defending their action, and glorifying their leader. That they have made the Radicals very angry, there can be no doubt, and the anger was shown in a passionate little burst of Mr. Labouchere, which moved the G.O.M. to an evident but concealed display of wrath. "Whenever the Liberals are in power," said Mr. Labouchere, shouting into Mr. Gladstone's out-stretched ear, "there is always a massacre in Africa." The Old Man winced, and his speech showed that the shaft had struck home. Mr. Labouchere's address was, indeed, by far the best speech I have ever heard from him. The Member for Northampton never orates; he talks to the House with the air of a friendly cynic discussing things at a dinner table, and pouring out the natural thoughts of a shrewd, cynical, but upright and humane nature. This method succeeded admirably on last Thursday night, and was followed with really vital interest by the best audience of the session. The other notable figure in the debate was Mr. Maguire, the young Oxford man who plays for Mr. Rhodes the various parts of explorer, concession-hunter, and Parliamentary agent; he is a young man, and his slow, drawling speech showed no sign of what he is—an Irishman and a Parnellite. He spoke cleverly enough, though without style.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

The interest of the week really hangs round the Employers' Liability Bill. On Wednesday we were treated to Mr. Asquith's defence of the prohibition against contracting-out. It was a clever speech, and pleased the Trade Unionists so much that Mr. Burns, who had intended to follow Mr. Asquith, tied up his papers and departed, waiting for a later opportunity. It was quite evident what Mr. Asquith's game was. He had earned the hostility of the "Rash Radicals" over Featherstone. They had to be conciliated, and the unions to be gratified once more, so the Home Secretary strove to make his peace with the Trade Unionists by going hot and strong on their side over this Bill. Everyone knows, or ought to know, what the exact point at issue was. It lies in a nutshell. Mr. M'Laren, a Liberal, but M.P. for Crewe, and the representative of the great mass of workers on the London and North-Western Railway, is the spokesman (he and Mr. Cobb, also a Radical, but M.P. for Rugby, on the same line) for these railway men, and they have, by enormous majorities, balloted in favour of contracting-out. They have an insurance fund, largely subsidised by the directors, and they prefer that to their litigating possibilities under the Bill. Why on earth they should not be allowed to have their way, I cannot conceive—that is, on the merits of the case.

WHY THE CLAUSE WAS OPPOSED.

But the opposition came from the official trades unions, who think that these men will cease subscribing to the union if they can make amicable terms for themselves with their employers. Of course, the union could not exist if all the workmen thought that. It is, therefore, imperative to them that no new cause of separation should arise; for it must be remembered that, as it is, the unions do not contain half the working men in the trades. So the great fight was made over this clause, the unions anticipating that the more the employed are dissociated from their employers the more they must depend upon the central organisation, which organises strikes and professes to represent the interests of Labour (with a big L) in antagonism to those of Capital. It was a "moral" to see Mr. Asquith winking—at any rate, glancing meaningly—towards the Labour Members as he argued triumphantly that his Bill made better provision for the workman than the insurance society could. Of course, his opinion on this point, however good, made no difference really, supposing that the railway workers thought differently. If they prefer the insurance society, in spite of his opinion, they ought to be allowed to do as they please; but all that Mr. Asquith wanted to do was to make a plausible case which should ignore the immediate cause of opposition—namely, the selfishness of the unions. It was a clever piece of special pleading, and some of his "wobbling" hearers were obviously impressed by it.

THE TRADE UNIONS WIN.

Was it Mr. Asquith's wink, or Mr. Fenwick's and Mr. Burns's speeches on Friday, or was it the Fabian manifesto on behalf of an anti-Government Trade Union party? At any rate, on Friday evening the division was taken and Mr. M'Laren was beaten. I own I am disappointed with the figures, 217 to 236; but, in spite of Mr. M'Laren's Liberal contingent, the Conservatives did not vote as solidly as they ought on his side. A good many of them are afraid of the unions; that is what our politics are coming to. And the division was taken at a bad time for the Opposition. Mr. Labouchere's motion on Thursday put it off to the next night, and, meanwhile, several Irish members had arrived to vote against the best interests of Great Britain.

LABBY LOBBYING FOR "LO BEN."

The Matabele debate on Thursday is the other point of interest in the week. A plain man may perhaps ask what all the rumpus is about. The Chartered Company of South Africa, in the exercise of its powers under its charter, and controlled at every turn by the Colonial Office, has made war on Lobengula and beaten him. Why not? Lo Ben is a crafty old scoundrel, whose Matabele braves have been the scourge of Matabeleland—they and their fathers—for fifty years. Hitherto Mr. Rhodes has kept on good terms with Lo Ben by giving him golden sovereigns. The way we generally proceed with these native chiefs is by treaty, by which we trade with them and open up their country, and put them under our protection. The position of Khama in our Imperial Protectorate of Bechuanaland is a good instance of how the white men hope to bring Africa into civilisation, while labouring amicably with the aborigines. But at the bottom of all these dealings there is, of course, the progressive movement of the whites. Come what may, Africa has now, for good or ill, become the new land of discovery and adventure. Either Englishmen, or Portuguese, or French, or Germans are going to open it up, and, for our part, we prefer the Britons. If a native resists us he must be squashed, and the sooner the better. The editor of *Truth* may talk to the Marines about Lo Ben's respectability. And as for the Company and its finance—well, there has been a lot said about it, but, somehow, the plain man can't help thinking that there is as much "finance" in the attackers as there is in the attacked. The only thing that surprises me is to find Mr. Gladstone taking so firm an attitude. So strong was Mr. Gladstone's position that Labby did not take a division. But as a possible explanation for Mr. Gladstone's aberration into being right on a foreign affair, we may remember that Mr. Rhodes is a Home Ruler, and gave £10,000 to Mr. Parnell. Mr. Gladstone has every reason, therefore, to think that he must be right now.